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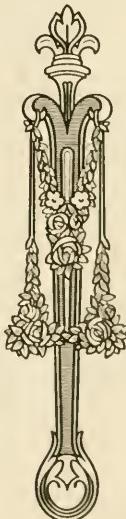
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1918

Great Falls
Genealogy Society

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The Fergus Commencement Number 1918



Published Annually by the
Senior Class of Fergus County High School
Lewistown, Montana
Volume Two



To the sons of the
Fergus County
High School who
have dedicated
their lives to the
cause of freedom,
this volume is sin-
cerely inscribed.



Roll of Honor

OUR BOYS AND FACULTY MEMBERS IN THE SERVICE

From the Faculty.

Chas. R. Mattill

C. H. Plank

Carl Underwood

Last Year's Students.

Cecil Abbott

Mace Funk

Paul McIntyre

Emmett Baker

James Haily

Herbert Ottman

Hiram Dillin

Glenn Learn

Joseph Stuart

Joseph Downs

Samuel Lewis

Herbert Windsor

Thomas MacGowin

Graduates.

George Catlin

Thomas Pleasants

Carl von Tobel

H. Barlow Cheadle

Ernest Robinson

Jack Walte

E. K. Cheadle

E. E. Rich

Joseph Whelan

Glen Dunlap

Henry Stuart

Harold White

Mike Gurnett

Charles Smith

William Woods

Frank Hogeland

Ralph E. Smith

Former Students.

Thomas Burnham

Rolland Riddick

Sheridan St. Clair

George Chandler

Merrill Riddick

Otto Schmidt

Edward Content

John Rowley

T. T. Taylor Jr.

Chauncey Fowler

Herman Sams

R. B. Vrooman

Frank Marshall

Robert Stevens

Robert Young

Leo Rauh

Perry Swanzy

Edward Wormley

Our Sailors.



Dinkie



Joe



Mace



Hiram

Paul McIntyre



Emmett & Leo

Joe Stuart



Dinkie Baker





Fergus County High School — Before



and After

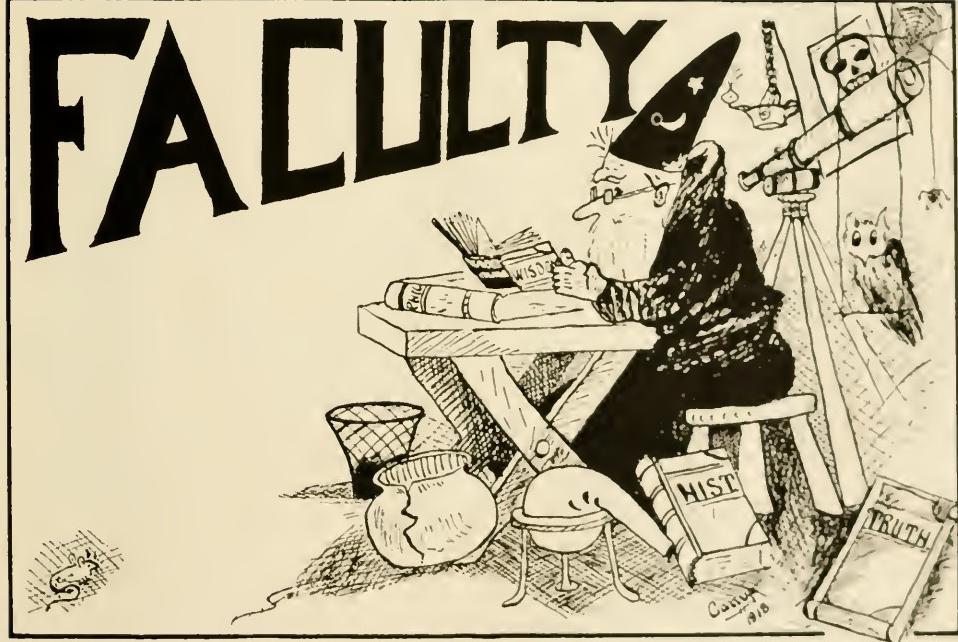
Our High School

But yesterday she stood intact, her gray, imposing mass overlooking all the town. Her halls and rooms were filled with boys and girls and teachers. Her laboratories, shops and work-rooms were well equipped. And now all these are gone and the walls — blackened, crumbling and stark — stand out against the sky.

Yet Our High School is not dead, for her foundation is not of stone. It is laid in the hopes and aspirations of the present and future boys and girls of Fergus County. Against such a base no storms nor fires shall ever prevail. Therefore, let us take courage and resolutely face the brighter day, when from the ashes, Our High School shall rise again more glorious and splendid to give even a broader vision to those who then shall throng her rooms and halls.



FACULTY





**F. L. Cummings, A. B., A. M.
Principal**



MAUDE BURROUGHS, A. B.
Commercial.

"Don't forget your editorials. Some-
one's talking. Use your common
sense."

CHARLES E. CANUP, A. B.
Athletic Coach, Mathematics.

"If there's anyone doesn't understand
the problem, copy it."

LUCY I. COCKBURN, B. S.
Home Economics.

"Now, everybody gather round this
table."

HARRISON P. CREGO, A. B., B. D.
History.

"Now tell concerning—"

LILLIE DOERFLINGER, A. B.
Dean of Girls, Science.

"Now, you have it in you; get to
work."

OTIS W. FREEMAN, A. B., M. S.
Science.

"Is there any question?—How in the
world did you get such an answer
as that?"



F. ETHELYN HOLT, A. B., A. M.
English.

"Will you make a contribution to the
waste basket, please?"

ELIZABETH LISHERNESSE, A. B.
English, Physical Training.
"I should like to have—"

ETTA C. LUNDSTROM, A. B.
Latin.

"Is that perfectly clear to all of you?"

MAUDE H. MARKS, A. B., A. M.
Mathematics.

"In this—you'll have to be more quiet.
—triangle,"

MARY E. McENTEE, A. B.
English.
"For goodness sakes!"

CLAUDE E. MUSGRAVE, A. B.
Manual Training.

"Can you folks get out here and line
up?"



LAURA M. NORTON, Chicago Conservatory of Music.
Director of Music.
"Come on here! Wake up! Now sing!
SING! SING!"

ANDREW J. OLSON, B. S. A.
Agriculture.
"I'll tell you—"

MINA J. PETRASHEK, A. B.
Normal Training.
"Ferinstance—?"

HARRY C. POPE, B. S.
Manual Training, Agriculture.
"Hot dog!"

BURTON F. TANNER, A. B.
English.
"Oh! these are beautiful lines. Do
you get that?"

AGNES TROST, Minnesota State Normal College.
English.
"All ready class! Now seniors! Turn!
Rise! Pass!"



GEORGE M. WARNER, Ph. B.

Science, Mathematics.

"Now remember—See! Squint along
this leg now." (in geometry).

C. C. WINDSOR, Gem City Business
College.

Commercial.

"Eight-thirty, eight-thirty! Every one
tend to his own knittin'. All right
folkses."

IRENE B. WHEELER, A. B.

Home Economics.

"Well I should say not!"

DORIS E. THOMPSON.

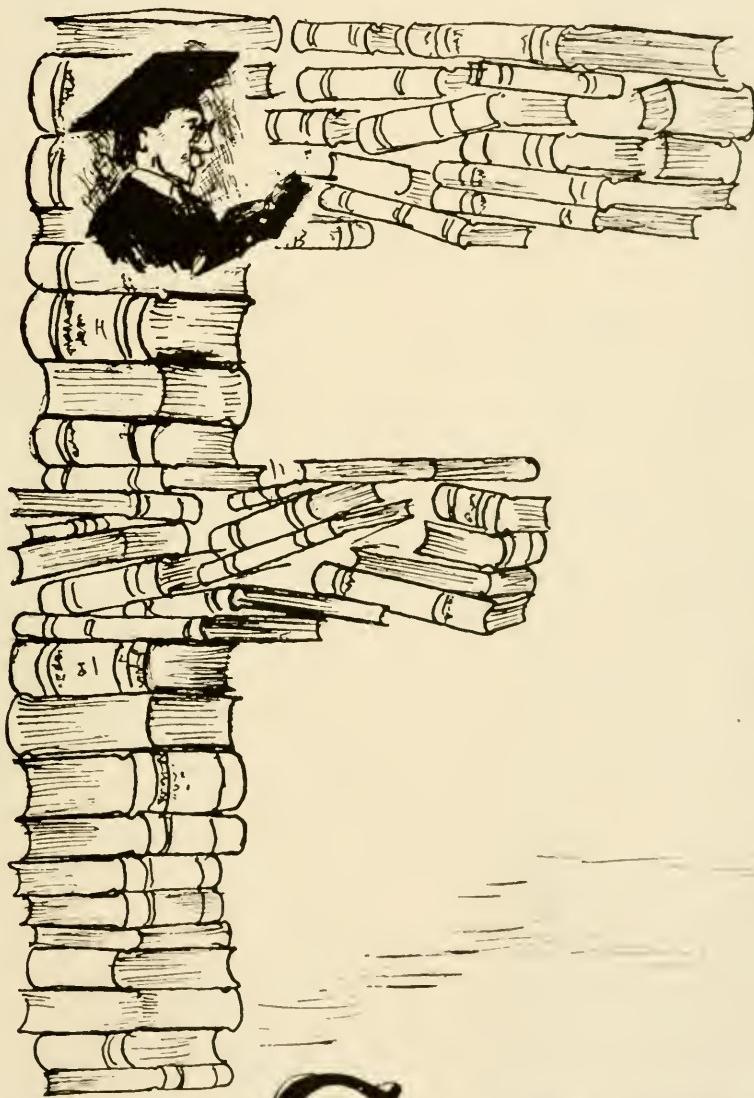
Secretary.

"What is your name? Is — here?
Did you bring your excuse yet?"

GRACE S. WHITE, University of
Michigan.

Matron of Girls' Dormitory.

"Lights must be out at ten o'clock."



Seniors



ESTHER APPLE.

Sober, steadfast and demure.

HAROLD ALLEN, "Yanks".

Pres. 3, Senior Play.

"Why blame you me to love you?"

LUCRETIA APPLE.

A stenographer I'll be.

THELMA ANDERSON.

With gentle dignity and winning ways.

MARION BATES.

The gates of the world are open to me.

MARGARET BLACKFORD, "Muggs".

Just so.



HELEN CAMP, Leon High School,
Leon, Iowa.

I want a man—I want a man—I want
a mansion in the skies.

HILDA CALLAHAN.

Worry and I have never met.

IVAN CALKINS, "Cookie", Moore
High School.

Senior Play.

It's not how long you've been here, but
the hit you make while you're here.

FAY DOBSON, "Dobby".

Better late than never!

PAULINE CREGO.

Oh! such a store of knowledge.

ROSE CHESLEY.

Never off the honor roll.



CECILIA EDWARDS.

And still they looked, and still their
wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all
she knew.

MINNIE ECKLEY, Geneva High School, Geneva, Neb. Fond of all fruits, especially dates.

NELLIE ENSLEY, Columbia Falls High School. Seen but not heard.

WALTER FLOOK.

Pres. 4, Pres. F. S. W. S. S. Senior
Play.
I can't restrain my boyish blush.

ALICE GORMAN.

Senior Play.
I just can't make my eyes behave.

DUDLEY GIBSON, "Duke".

Vice-Pres. 3, Senior Play.

My parents sent me to school so that I
could meet the girls.



ZELMA GORDON.

I'm going to be a teacher.

LEONIDAS GOVE, "Zeko".

Senior Play.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian.

ROY GAGLE, Colfax High School.

Colfax, Iowa.

Senior Play.

Just because I stand on one foot, that's
no sign I'm a crane.

REA GAGE, Telluride High School.

Sec. 4, Sec. F. S. W. S. S.

Always seeking without the confines of
her own wardrobe.

HAROLD HOVET, Crookston High
School, Crookston, Minn.

With a head for business.

MAY JOBE, La Belle High School,
La Belle, Mo.

The smile that never fades.



EMILY KNOEPKE, Moore High
School.
Slow but sure.

JOE KING, "Joey".
Senior Play.
Let the world slide.

GLADYS KYNETT, Geyser High
School.
Study never hurt any one.

CASPER LARSON, "Cap".
Senior Play.
A bold bad man.

HATTIE LAKE.
Willing but bashful.

K. McKOIN.
The three best elements in life—a girl,
a flivver and a dance.



AMELIA McLACHLAN.

Her modest looks a cottage might
adorn.

MORRIS McCOLLUM, "Mack".

Tres. 4, Senior Play.

A jolly good fellow, against whom we
have no fault.

JESSIE MURRAY.

Senior Play.

"Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit."

LUCILLE MATTHEWS.

Silence is golden, but speech is worth
its weight in spuds.

RUTH MOORE.

Sec. Athletic Association, 4.

On with the dance, let joy be uncon-
fined.

PEGGY ROCKWELL, Helena High

School.

Senior Play.

"Truly, thou art damned!"



RUTH ROYCE.

Not that I love work less, but that I
love play more.

ELIZABETH SYMMES, "Beth".

Senior Play.

"He that sweetest rose would find,
Must find love's prick in Rosalind."

HELEN SIMONFY.

Meek and modest.

HAZEL SORENSEN, Trent High School, Trent, South Dakota.

A modest woman never speaks of her-
self.

HAZEL SMITH.

Independence is my middle name.

HELEN SHANNON, "Dutchie".

Junior Editor, 3.

The best things come in small
packages.



RITA SHIELDS, Albany High School,
Albany, Kans.

Vice-Pres., 4.

Noble before all others.

ZELDA SMYTHE, "Zuldie", Great
Falls High School.

Senior Play.

A good spirit and one that can be de-
pended upon.

RUBY TURNBULL, "Shorty".

Treas., 3.

Short and sweet.

LYDIA VAN HYNING.

We have a debater in our midst.

GOLDIE WALDEN, Three Forks
High School.

She has eyes of heaven's own blue
And winsome smile surpassed by few.

BERT WALKER, "Noble".

Treas. Athletic Association 4, Sec. 3.

If love is a madness, I must be crazy.

Senior Class History

 WAS in 1914 that the Ship of State with its crew was launched on Experiment Bay to take a four-year tour thru the High School world. Freshman Lake was the first small outlet to the sea, where frequent storms prevailed. The sea was rough at first, then became calm and rough again by turns, but still the inmates of the Ship of State combated the stormy billows. Even tho the crew went down the River of Doubt twice during this part of the journey, when the crew was examined, it sailed calmly on. At two different times, scenting danger ahead, the company of seamen sent two crews of five to meet the enemy. In the ensuing battle (by some called basket-ball) one crew was completely victorious, while the boat of the other was sunk, but the crew returned safely to the Ship under the Bridge of Assurance, which spanned the River of Encouragement. The company went on to Sophomore Sound. Here the sailing was easier, the weather more favorable and storms less frequent. Again the enemy thot, "These are peaceful merchants," but found destroyers instead. The Junior squad however, torpedoed but did not sink our little crew of Sophomores.

At this point in the cruise, Admiral Cummings took charge just as anchor was dropped at Junior Landing on the Island of Cheer. Foreign ships were anchored at this same island and during the short furlough representative teams competed in football, where "State's Crew" took all honors. Track, likewise, was not neglected and many a close contest there was in sprints, discus and high jumps. The vacation was soon over and after another examination, the crew sailed on once more, and rode the waves successfully. Determined to find the way to the Gulf of Understanding, the men plowed doggedly on and the day of real honor came when they hoisted the Senior Flag, with Rear Admirals Holt and Crego; Walter as captain; Rita, first mate; Rea, second mate; and Morris, purser.

'Twas then dramatics was introduced on board and the members of the crew concerned took an enthusiastic interest.

As the situation in Europe became more acute, the Senior Crew instituted a plan to go on rations for 30 days; the other crews followed its lead and the whole navy endeavored to lessen the consumption of food.

A call came from headquarters for each ship in the navy to send men to a meet. After preliminary tests, Mate Lydia responded to the call for debate and represented our navy. Likewise Boat-swain Allen responded to the call and brot back a silver medal.

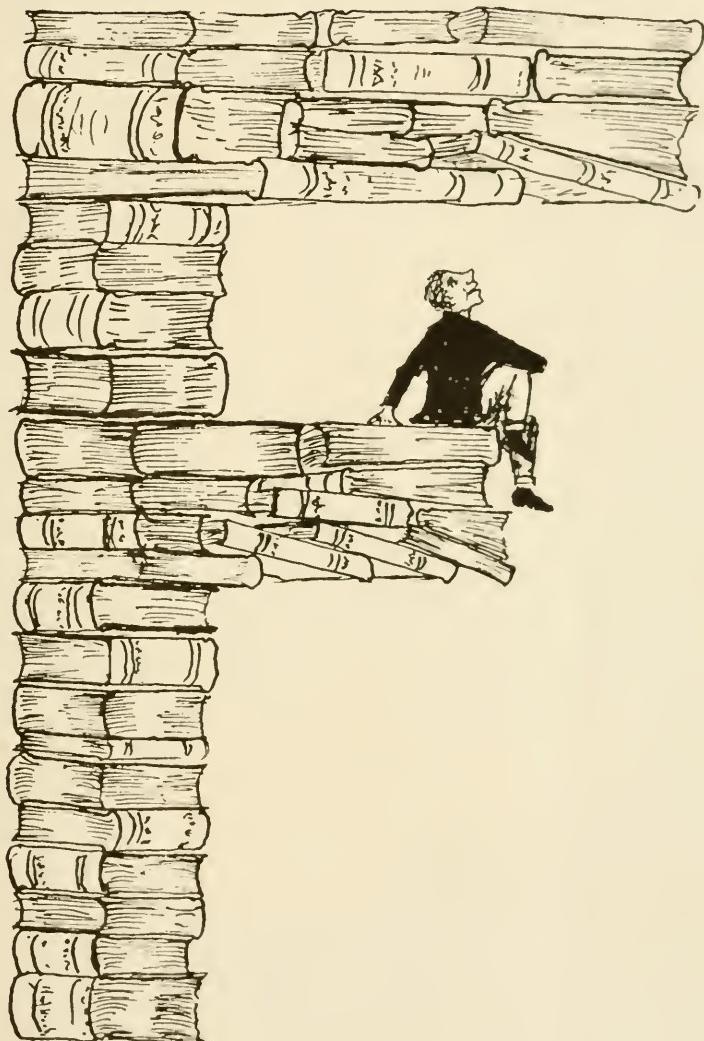
Heretofore no submarine had been able to sink the proud ship, but alas! one night a torpedo found its way into the engine room and the ship was burned. Spirits were not quenched by water nor fire, and with the motto, "Impossible is un-American," the invincible crew sailed into the Harbor of Success on a raft.

Sail on, "Oh Ship of State."

MONTANA SPRING

Snow flakes were falling and birds were not heard;
Hill-tops and houses were covered with white;
The thot of some people that summer was here
Was soon declared to be very absurd.

HELEN SIMONFY, '18.



Juniors



Juniors.



Class Officers.

Bernice Flook, Frank Smith, Dorothy Brown, Geraldine Voden.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Apple, Venia	Garry, Esther	Neill, Marion
Barrett, Marie	Gelte, Irma	Nelson, Marlan
Biggerstaff, Mae	Gerhard, Marjorie	Poppe, Florence
Blackford, Otten	Gretencourt, Stephen	Rainsey, Helen
Brown, Dorothy	Gurnett, Nella	Rauch, Margaret
Calkins, Ardis	Hines, Gene	Rieh, John
Campbell, Ralph	Hogeland, Rebie	Rink, Grace
Catlin, Helen	Hopper, Orpha	Ritch, Myrtle
Clark, Cecil	Irish, Fannie	Rudd, Oliveta
Clem, Jack	Jackman, Bertha	Saylor, Veda
Conrad, Byron	Johnson, Florence	Shaw, Doris
Corcoran, Mabel	Johnston, Nellie	Smith, Frank
Corcoran, Myrtle	King, Elsbeth	Smith, Winifred
Corriell, Olga	Lovless, Jay	Stephens, Anule
Courtney, James	McKenzie, Addie	Tiegen, Peter
Crowley, Charles	McVey, A. Vernou	Traffley, Walter
Derrer, Lydia	Mauland, Agnes	Van Hyning, Eleanor
Elston, Lucy	Metz, Beulah	Voden, Geraldine
Flook, Bernice	Montague, Frances	Weber, Harriet
Gannon, John	Montgomery, Alfred	Wheaton, Willard
	Nangle, Mildred	

Junior Class History

HE year of 1915 saw a large band of Freshmen flocking into the doors of the Fergus County High School. You can see that we were courageous, as most of us passed our finals and had courage enough left to enroll as Sophomores the following year. In our Sophomore year we developed some real school spirit, and took part in the various activities of the school. We had a cracking good basketball team. Although we did not secure inter-class championship, we won second place. We certainly were an exceptional class of Sophs, for we actually followed the wise suggestions that we were not to hurt the Freshies by hazing them.

This, our Junior year, is the most interesting of all. We are doing our bit as patriotic students. Olga Corriell left school at the beginning of the year to enlist in war service. We donated a service flag to the school, organized a War-Savings Society, and bought Thrift Stamps. We unanimously adopted the food pledges, instituted by the Seniors. We are planting gardens for the first time.

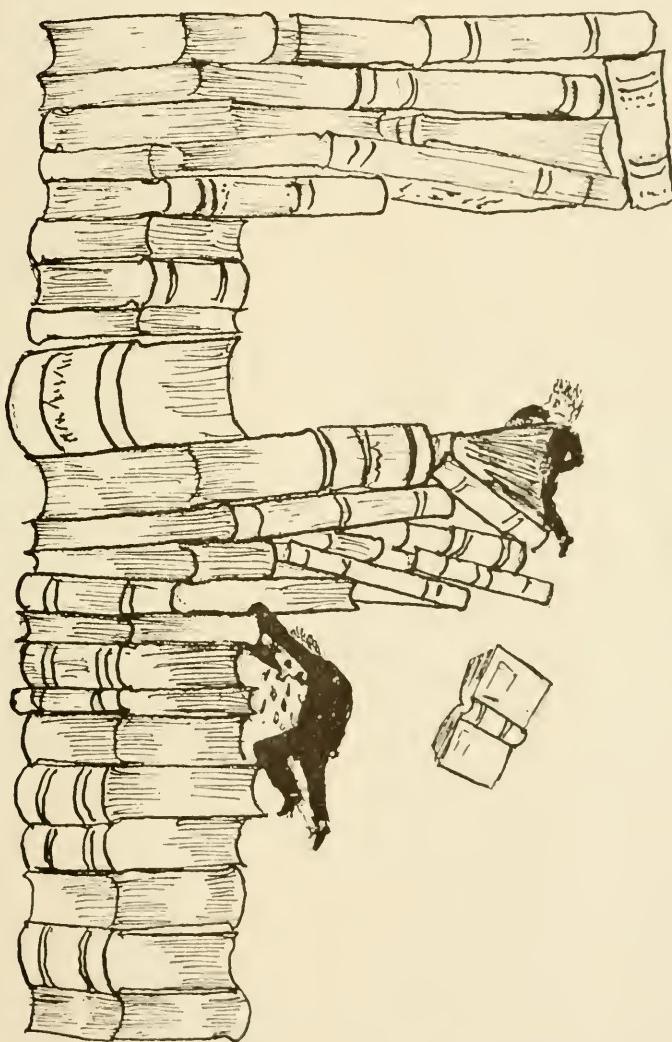
Some of our most famous class members are the following: Nellie Johnston, who won second place in debate in the district; Helen Ramsey, the declaimer; Ralph Campbell, the scientist; Addie McKenzie, the walking encyclopedia; and Skinny Wheaton, the joke. Vernon McVey is right there when it comes to pole vault, as are Traffley, Gretencort and Campbell in basketball. Thus you see we are well represented in the realm of athletics.

Other fine points we might advertise, but perhaps the wise move is to allow the reader to watch next year's Senior Class, so we'll say no more.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL

Rumor is an evil swift,
Gathers strength as we do thrift,
Small at first, it is thru fear,
Soon it reaches all that's near.
O'er the lowly ground it walks;
Holding head in clouds, it talks;
Spreads the news from far and wide,
Lies and facts on every side.

OLIVETA RUDD.



Sophomores



Sophomores.



Class Officers.

Gertrude Broad, Arthur Rosenlund, Leroy Suprenant, Mary Irene Scott, Helen Warr, Hazel Clark

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Anderson, Alice	Gibson, Edwin	Ruckman, Carl
Akins, Jerre	Goettal, Viola	Rueckman, George
Barnes, Gladys	Gordon, Bernice	Rice, John
Beebe, Lucille	Gray, Bessie	Riddick, Monona
Biglen, Cecelia	Guslander, Martha	Sams, Katherine
Broad, Gertrude	Guslander, Vesta	Scheldt, Gertrude
Bruce, Nellie	Graham, Harry	Scott, Mary Irene
Paker, Daniel	Godsill, Dennis	Seaver, Linnie
Bowen, Theodore	Hall, Ethel	Sebree, Jane
Bradley, Earling	Henderson, Naomi	Sharp, Marie
Briscoe, Anderson	Hilliard, Thelma	Simonfy, Rita
Bristol, Clarence	Heatherly, Theodore	Sloane, Mamie
Burke, Marion	Huffine, Theodore	Sloat, Dorothy
Carpenter, Ethel	Huotte, Marcelius	Stedman, Vera
Clark, Hazel	Irish, Gladys	Stuart, Abbie
Crowley, Katherine	Jenni, Lena	Sharp, Daniel
Cummings, Doris	Knapp, Josephine	Sherman, Howard
Currie, Marion	Keller, Otto	Smythe, William
Campbell, Harold	Kertz, Ernest	Sorenson, Leonard
Campbell, James	Laux, Cecilia	Spaulding, Azalea
Campbell, Ruby	Leah, Julia	Spaulding, Way
Clark, Cecil	Larson, Marvel	Stephens, Russell
Cowan, Irlie	Melchert, Bernice	Stoddard, Frank
Clegg, Eleanor	Metz, Alphetta	Suprenant, Leroy
Day, Bertha	McCann, James	Standt, George
Dykens, Dora	McCarroll, Marshall	Trusk, Lydia
Edsill, Ruth	McMillan, Donald	Titus, Ruth
Edsill, Lillie	Nelson, Mary	Vehawn, Thomas
Evans, Eira	Nelson, Anna	Warr, Helen
Finkheimer, Gladys	Nieklawske, Mac	Wentworth, Leone
Fish, Elizabeth	Powell, Frances	Walker, Lynn
Flemming, Nellie	Plovanic, Kazimir	Wallin, Chadbourn
Foster, Mildred	Quirkenden, Irene	Washburn, Frank
Fallon, Verne	Rosenlund, Arthur	Wilson, Edward
Gibson, Evelyn	Rosenlund, Mabel	

Sophomore Class History



E, the class of 1920, entered Fergus High a band one hundred thirty strong and were immediately taken under the sheltering wings of Miss Doerflinger and Miss McEntee, who helped us to organize our class and chaperoned our parties. We thus escaped the usual "breaking in" which Freshmen in the past had been wont to receive. The year of 1916-1917 proved to be very happy and successful for us. In June came the final great struggle for the survival of the fittest. A few of the weaker members dropped out but one hundred five of us remained to become the Sophomores of the present year.

Soon after the term of 1917-1918 commenced, we held a number of class meetings, elected our class officers, paid our class dues and began another eventful year. It has proved to be a season of much inter-class rivalry. In the race for subscriptions for the Fergus we lost out completely. But then, we love our lessons and teachers too much to care for a half holiday. We were second in the first Thrift Stamp campaign and first in the campaign for collecting books to send to "our boys." Our War-Savings Society, the "Can't Be Beat," elected Mabel Rosenlund and Leonard Sorenson for president and secretary.

We have many shining lights in our class, both literary and musical. Some of our most talented writers are Katherine Sams, Linnie Seaver, who is literary editor for our school paper, Hazel Clark, Mary Irene Scott and Irene Quickenden. We also have a poet whose best known effort, "Do Your Bit," appeared in the February number of The Fergus. Ethel Hall has won fame on the second debating team. When we come to enumerate our musical talent, there is such a galaxy of stars that it is impossible to mention all. Leone Wentworth is our vocalist and Cecelia Biglen our composer. Her "Success Waltz" was played in assembly one morning. Mildred Foster and Mary Irene Scott form the larger half of the girls' quartette. The orchestra could not exist without the ability displayed by Frank Stoddard, Hazel Clark, Theodore Huffine, Jerre Akins, Arthur Rosenlund, and Chad Wallin. Perhaps the most versatile Sophomore is Frank Washburn. He displays many and remarkable traits. Among them are his ability to write themes, his musical talent, his dramatic ability, and last but not least his nose. We verily could not get along without our Frank.

In the lists of honor pupils there are some whose names almost invariably appear. They are: Dorothy Sloat, Abbie Stuart, Rita Simonfy, Theodore Bowen, Lillie Edsill, Ruth Edsill, Ethel Hall, Mabel Rosenlund and Edward Wilson.

Our two years have not been all work and no play. The first year we had two class parties. This year we have not entertained by ourselves. At the all-school party our Dutch band added to the general hilarity. Mabel Rosenlund and Mary Irene Scott made "the hits." One evening, the second semester with the Seniors, we entertained our parents. A mock basketball team composed of Arthur Rosenlund, Leroy Suprenant and three Sophomore fathers met defeat from the Seniors. In other athletic (?) events, however, we held our own. Altogether, we had a fine time.

Now having spent two happy years together, we hope that all of us will continue to stand together for two more years.



Freshmen



Freshmen.



Class Officers.

Chas. Bersuch, George Stephens, Claude Sutter, Ellen Anderson, Dorothy Sherman.

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Allyn, Harriet	Hornseth, Ingrid	Rauch, Judith
Anderson, Carl	Howland, Wilson	Ray, James
Anderson, Ellen	Imishlund, Lillian	Retallick, Clara
Andrews, William	Jackman, Helen	Ricks, Hazel
Apple, Daisy	Jenkins, Elizabeth	Rivers, Dorothy
Bedford, Ida	Jones, William	Samuels, Ben
Bersuch, Charles	Johnke, Emma	Sanderson, Olga
Bristol, Frank	Johnke, Otto	Sawyer, Alice
Case, Albert	Johnston, Gladys	Shepherdson, Don
Crowley, Viola	Kakela, Nellie	Sherman, Dorothy
Cullington, Ruth	Kearney, Cecelia	Sherman, Luellie
Dodge, John	Kelly, Margaret	Shiflett, Dorothy
Draper, Harold	King, Esther	Simpkins, Marle
Drinkard, Viro	Laux, Catherine	Spargur, Ruth
Duncan, Irwin	Leiter, Katherine	Spanlding, Marjorie
Dusek, Aurella	Lhamon, Gladys	Stephens, George
Emison, Harold	Lincoln, Edna	Stephens, Rhea
Funson, Dale	Long, Fred	Stevens, Edith
Evans, Carmie	Marshall, Marguerite	Stillson, George
Fargo, Claude	Maury, Emory	Sullens, Cula
Foley, Clementine	McCoy, Lois	Sutter, Claude
Gannon, Richard	McCune, Lovelia	Thomas, Ruth
Gibson, Emery	MacGowan, Clare	Tognetti, Anna
Graeber, Dorothy	McIntyre, Ethel	Turnbull, John
Grant, Earl	McKoin, Thomas	Tyson, Hazel
Green, Thomas	McKenzie, Robert	Van Hyning, Hazel
Hall, Irwill	Miller, Vivian	Van Iderstine, Furness
Hall, Loretta	Moltzan, Amy	Warder, Lawrence
Hanson, Edith	Moir, Helen	Wilcox, Dwight
Hanson, Norma	Naylor, Viola	Whitmore, Russel
Hanson, La Verne	Norman, Martin	Williams, Lela
Hedrick, Margaret	Pennock, Grace	Wilson, Anna Belle
Heffner, Andrey	Pier, Evelyn	Winters, Phyne
Hildahl, Alice	Pierce, John	
Hills, Forest	Post, Gladys	
Holmes, Norma	Post, Irene	

Freshman Class History

RESHMAN Class startled old Fergus last September one hundred ten strong. We are the largest Freshman Class in the history of the school. The class was soon organized with Miss McEntee and Miss Doerflinger as class sponsors and the following officers: President, Margaret Hedrick; Vice-President, Lovelia McCune; Secretary, George Stilson; Treasurer, Claude Sutter; Sergeants-at-Arms, Ural Ray and Fred Long. Class meetings have been held monthly.

The first class party was held on the Friday before Hallowe'en. Its success was due largely to the efforts of Amelia Fergus, Claude Sutter, Albert Case and Lillian Imislund.

We did our best in the contest for subscriptions for the Fergus, but were beaten by the Seniors. We gave them a lively chase and got the experience even though they received the half holiday.

We did our part in the all-school party. Our stunt, the district school, was fine. Lela Williams, the teacher; George Stilson, the giggler, and Claude Sutter, the stutterer, could not be excelled.

The second Glee Club is made up almost entirely of Freshmen.

In the first Thrift Stamp campaign the class of 1921 came out ahead. This time we had a race with the Sophomores.

There are one hundred members in the Class of 1921 War-Savings Society. The officers are President, Dorothy Sherman; Secretary, Ellen Anderson.

At the first class meeting in the new semester the election of officers was held. The officers are as follows: President, Dorothy Sherman; Vice-President, Richard Gannon; Secretary, Ellen Anderson; Treasurer, Claude Sutter; Sergeants-at-Arms, George Stephens and Charles Bersuch.

The Junior-Freshman party was held April 12. The entertainment included races, charades and music. The parents of the members of both classes were invited.

Our first year has been very successful and we hope that September will find us all back as Sophomores.

SPRING

The riotous wind from the North has fled;
Bright Spring has brought the South wind lingering here,
The skies have changed their gray to azure fair,
The mountain tops no longer wreathed in snow,
Are shining in the sun like sapphires clear.
Brown earth will soon have lost her winter wrap,
And grass and flowers cover her with grace,
Her drowsy slumber she has shaken off,
And waked refreshed and happy from her nap.

Amelia McLaughlin, '18.



Sub-Freshmen



Sub-Freshmen.

Sub-Freshman Class History



HE Sub-Freshmen are not a common ordinary class but one of astonishing brilliancy. We graduated from the eighth grade in January, our dear teachers not being able to hold us back until June. The students over here, thinking they would not attach much importance to our amazing record, paid little attention to us at first, except for a "hello little "Freshie" every now and then. They treated us as mere "Freshies" as they had been, but we have made ourselves felt. Although we are only forty-four in number, still it is quality and not quantity that counts, as we have proved. We are an adaptable class. When we came, Mr. Cummings explained that as the assembly was full we would have to study in room No. 46, where there was no desk room for our books. As we had come from seats that had big, roomy desks, this was a hardship, but he gave us a bookcase, which was all right except that it had glass shelves, and now, as a reward of virtue, we have a real bookcase, that is, we had one before the fire.

We are also an original class, and we do great things. On our first biology hike, Ellise not only caused a great landslide, but changed the course of that great body of water known as Little Casino. But best of all our virtues is our friendship for each other, and in spite of the fact that we have a Wilson and a Kaiser (Kizer) in our class, still a fine, brotherly spirit prevails.

We are one instead of many. We are businesslike and so organized immediately after coming over here, so now, instead of being a bunch of straggling boys and girls, we are united into one class. It was a difficult task, that of electing officers, as we are all so intellectual; however, we finally elected unanimously the following: President, Clifford Dobson; Vice-President, Arthur Van Noy; Secretary, Edna Poetter; Treasurer, James Howland.

We are all united now in a W. S. S. and have all pledged ourselves to buy at least \$1.00 worth of stamps every month. We have for President of this organization Agnes Crego, and for Secretary, Arthur Van Noy.

We are now leading the Juniors a merry chase in our record for buying Thrift Stamps, and by the end of the year we may be leading the whole school.

CLASS ROLL OF SUB-FRESHMEN

McNees, Marion	Holmboe, Virginia	Rivers, Burton
Attix, Zelda	Hills, Forrest	Russel, Ellery
Bis et, Samuel	Howland, James	Schmidt, Marvin
Blum, Anna	Jordan, Ellise	Sloan, Dea
Briscoe, Allen	Jury, Raymond	Standt, Ernest
Burnett, Bernice	King, Wallace	Stephens, Ida
Crego, Agnes	Kizer, Catherine	Stewart, Albert
Daniels, Sibyl	Lockwood, Fuy	Strickland, Olive
Day, Bud	Lutz, Doris	Trams, Charles
Dobson, Clifford	Moir, Helen	Vann Noy, Arthur
Dodge, Laura	Moltzau, Mona	Wasmansdorff, Carlton
Purr, Gertrude	Moore, Marguerite	White, Ruth
Forrester, Lloyd	Plovanic, Joseph	Wilson, Helen
Ginet, Eugene	Poetter, Edna	Wright, Hazel
Gloege, Herman	Powell, Inez	



Miss McEntee



Miss Marks



Miss Lundstrom



Miss Doerflinger

Miss Trost



Miss Lisherness



Miss Wheeler



Miss Petraschek

Special Departments



ONEY talks but training tells, and determines the use to which the money is put. The time has now come in all lines of work, when the head must supplement the hand, if the greatest efficiency is to be obtained. Hence comes the need of subjects in the school that touch the every-day activities of our lives.

To cook economically and palatably, to sew neatly and intelligently, to care for the sick understandingly, to decorate the home so artistically that even the poorest habitation may seem homelike, to make one dollar go as far as two and still have a few cents left, are some of the problems that confront the majority of women.

To drive a nail unerringly, to saw a board straight, to sharpen and care for tools, to draw the plans of any structure from a bird house to a mansion, to fashion simple contrivances for the saving of labor, to build a bootjack or a residence, to analyze and synthesize a Ford, a Hudson or other machinery, are things which many men must know.

To know all soils and how to use them, to cultivate, to reap, to thresh, to market produce, to milk the cows, to fatten beef and pork, to rear sheep and other ilk are only a few of the essential things that every farmer must understand.

In the Fergus County High School the departments of Home Economics, Manual Arts and Agriculture with their four-year courses, furnish a key to unlock all the difficulties suggested above. The four-year winter course for young men who can remain only from November until April gives everyone a chance to do his best.

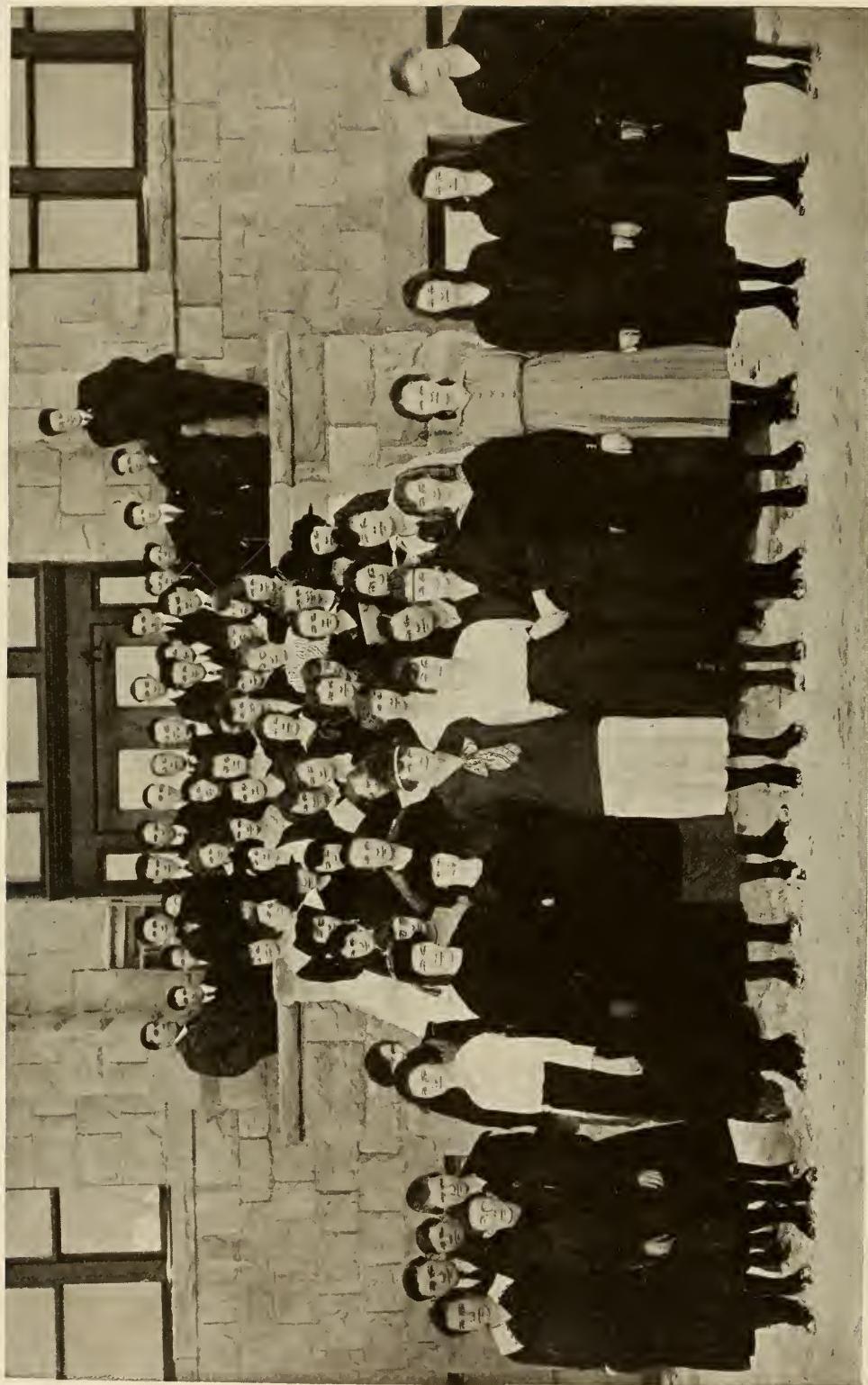
To know a bug, a poison plant, a worm, a weed, a tadpole or a moth, to know their uses on the earth, to study life and how to live, are a few of the principal things to be derived from a knowledge of Biology.

For a knowledge of measurements, force and motion, for an acquaintance with pressure in liquids and in air; for solids and liquids, for the nature of heat and cold, sound and light, for an understanding of magnetism and the wonders of electricity, we seek the study of Physics.

Next comes Chemistry. Not only is it one of the oldest, but it is also one of the most useful sciences. In nearly all manufacturing plants, in the kitchen, in medicine, and in a hundred other places, a knowledge of chemistry is necessary.

Last but not least comes the department of Physical Culture. A weak body and a well-filled head is not a good combination. A good physique is needed to carry out the plans of a keen intellect. The two years of work in the spacious gymnasium go far towards maintaining the proper balance between one's physical and intellectual powers. Manned by competent instructors with well-equipped laboratories and shops, the Fergus County High School is the equal of any school in Montana in the quality of work done in the industrial, scientific and physical culture branches.

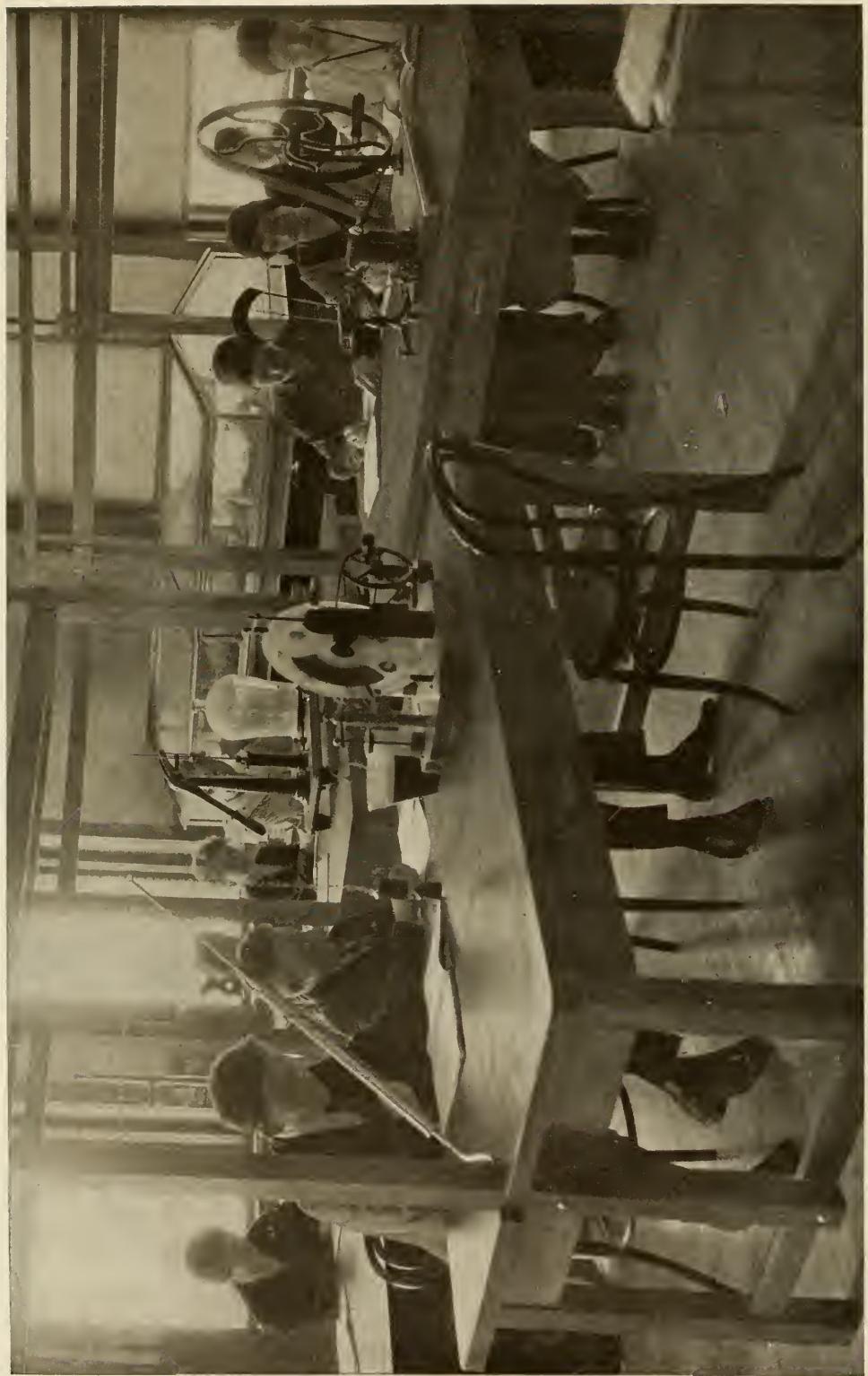
There was a young fellow named Ivan
Who with gunpowder once was connivin'.
And when it went off
There was only a cough
In place of the fellow named Ivan.



Students in the Commercial Department.



A Class in Sewing.



A Class in the Physical Laboratory.

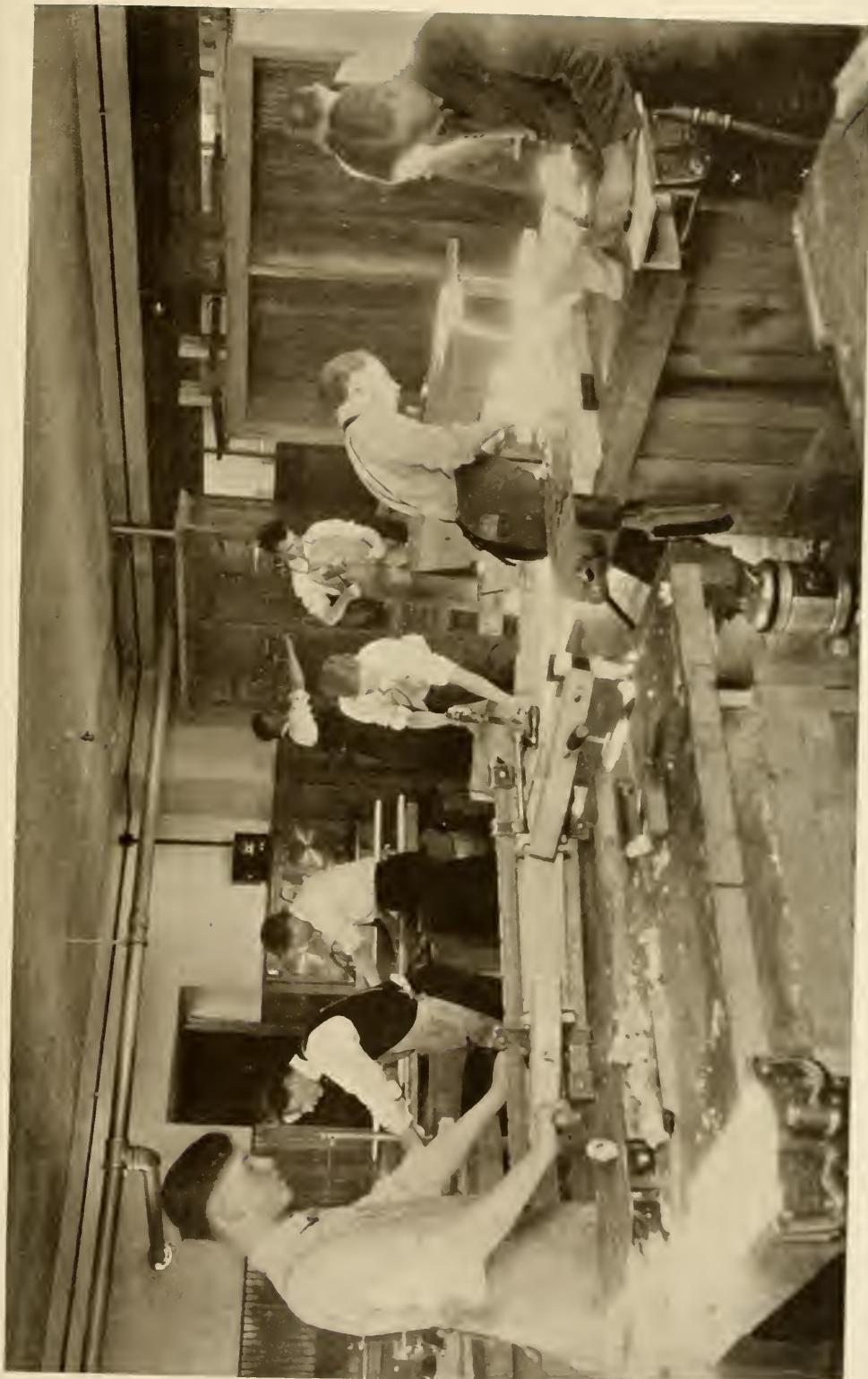
A Class in the Chemical Laboratory.



Work in Biological Laboratory.



Bench Work.



Forge Work.



THE COULTER ST.
LIVERPOOL.



WHAT I AM TO BE IN MUNN BODWELL

Mechanical Drawing.



Class Judging Stock.

Short Course Boys,

Fistus Kleg, Horace Hogland, Arthur Nelson, Mr. Olson, William Wilson, William Moritz, Eric Kleg,
Fart Grant, Frank Vaneck, Anton Busch, Rudolph Yager, Clarence Burgess





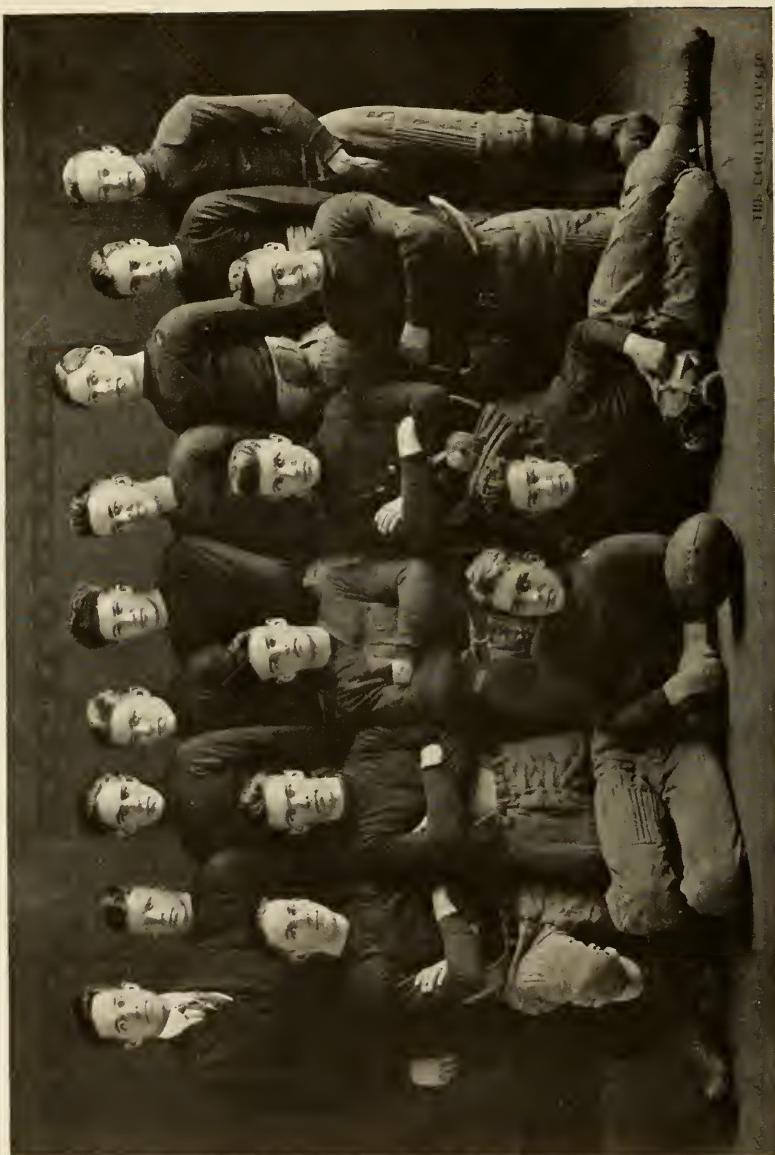
Girls' Gymnasium Class.

Atheletics

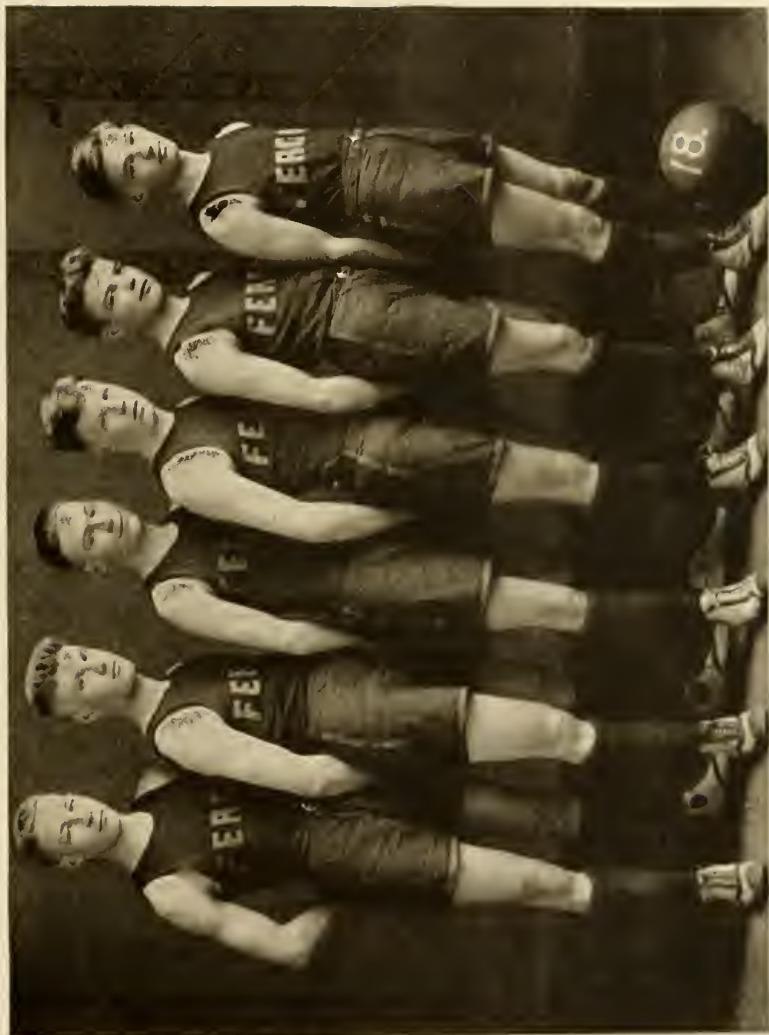


Football Squad.

Coach Canan; Heatherly, right end; Clark, right tackle; Rosenlund, right guard; McVey, center; King, left guard; L. Waite, left tackle; Walker, left end; McKohn, sub.; Campbell, right halfback; Rice, quarterback; B. Waite, right halfback; Sorenson, fullback; McCollum, left halfback; Staudt, sub.; Burke, sub.; Flook, sub.



Basketball Team.
McKuhn, center; Sorenson, guard; McCollum, captain; Healy, guard; Larson, forward; Trautler, forward.



Foot Ball

OOTBALL was ruled out of Fergus last year, but by a petition of students it was made possible to organize a team. From the start to the finish of the season, the team showed clocklike work, and under the leadership of Captain Brad Waite and Coach Canup, the team went thru the season without a defeat. The biggest and hardest game was with the Billings Polytechnic, which gave us dope on the state championship, but by some fluke we could not claim it.

The games were as follows:

Denton 3, Fergus 74; at Denton. Hobson 0, Fergus 43; at Hobson.
Hobson 0, Fergus 74; at Lewistown. Billings Poly 6, Fergus 41; at Lewistown.
Lewistown 0, Fergus 7; at Lewistown.

Fergus should get away with everything next year, as only five men graduate and some of the subs. will make good next year.

This year's team left a clean record for Fergus and here's hoping that this pace will be followed in future years.

Basket Ball

Basketball, the major sport of Fergus County High School, had a dull season this year. We do not know whether it was the lack of material or not, but we do know that there was a new team on the floor for every game. All members of the team were new this season, but nevertheless they always played a hard game until the whistle blew. Somehow it seemed as if fate were against them, but they always hung on with firm determination trying to make the winning point. However, there seemed to be something lacking.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Canup may not be with us next year for he will probably be called to the colors.

By losing the game with Teton, Fergus was unable to go to the state tournament. But nevertheless in future years we hope Fergus will establish her old record again as she should, for four of the first team men will be back next year.

Track

This year was exciting in the school track work, there being two track meets held here, the Seniors winning the highest number of points. Although only two men went to Missoula, there is good material coming up from the lower grades. This year Yanks (Harold Allen) and Vernon McVey were sent to Missoula; Yanks esteemed himself by bringing home a silver medal for winning second place in the 220-yard sprint. McVey brought home a great amount of knowledge which will undoubtedly help him to win first place next year in pole vaulting.

RESULTS OF THE YEAR'S GAMES

Belt 16, Fergus 17.	Fort Benton 22, Fergus 14.
Fort Benton 13, Fergus 8.	Cut Bank 2, Fergus 37.
Billings 43, Fergus 18.	Concord 4, Fergus 35.
Billings 32, Fergus 8.	Teton 23, Fergus 13.

Music



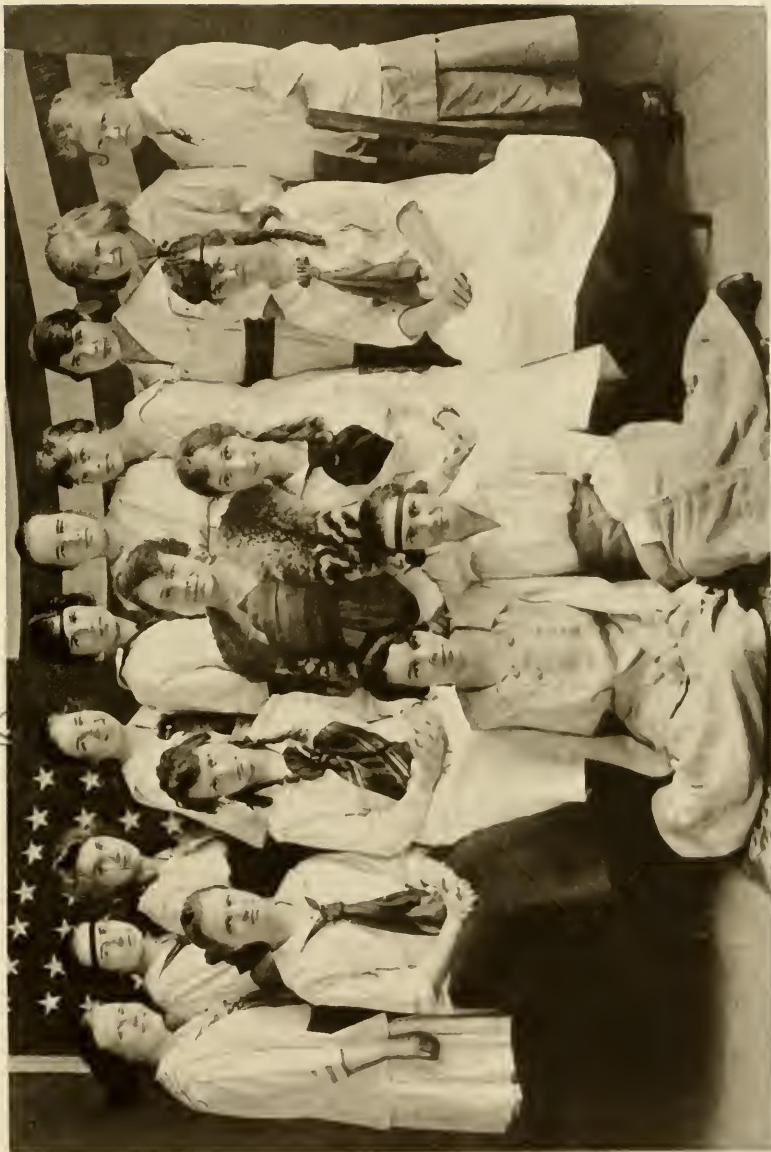
First Girls' Glee Club.

Top Row: Gladys Barnes, Rita Shields, Annie Stephens, Thelma Anderson, Marion Bates, Geraldine Voden, Leone Wentworth, Zelma Smythe, Jessie Murray, Fannie Irish, Nella Garnett, Esther Garry. Second Row: Elsie King, Myrtle Corcoran, Zelma Gordon, Mrs. Norton, Catharine von Tobol, Mabel Corcoran, Helen Ramsey. Third Row: Goldie Walden, Mary Irene Scott, Ruby Turnbull, Lucille Matthews, Mildred Foster, Lucy Elston, Pauleen Crego.



Second Girls' Glee Club.

Top Row: Lillian Imshund, Amelia Fergus, Ruth Stephens, Ruth Spangler, Audrey Hoffer, Clementine Foley, Margaret Kelly, Alice Haderli, Marjorie Swaynning, Arakel Stavridis. Second Row: Norma Hanson, LaVerne Hanson, Mrs. Norton, Esther Garry, Lois McRoy. Third Row: Cecilia Jiglen, Mamie Sloan.



High School Orchestra.

Top Row: Hazel Clark, Jerry Akins, Arthur Rosenlund, Ted Hufnagel, Eleanor Van Hyning, Ed Weaver, Mrs. Norton, Director.
Second Row: Fay Dobson, Chad Wallin, Clifford Dobson, Dorothy Brown, Frank Stoddard.





Boys' Quartette.

Harold Campbell, Vernon McVey, James Campbell, Roy Gagle.

Music Department

MRS. LAURA NORTON, *Director*

BECAUSE of the advance work that the members of the first Glee Club were able to do, and because of the many calls for musical programs to be furnished by the Glee Club, it was found necessary to separate the members of the First Glee Club from the chorus and to give them special training. Many delightful programs were given by this club at social functions, among which were the Chamber of Commerce banquet, Community Singing, Farmers' banquet, Fergus County Public School Union program and many other affairs during the year.

The Girls' Glee Club No. 2 was organized last September. This club consists of girls who are recruits in chorus work. As a result of their efforts they have had opportunities to sing before many assemblages in Lewistown. They have sung at the Fergus County Teacher's Association, at the opening of the Third Liberty Loan drive, at the Masonic Temple, and a number of times before the high school assembly. These girls have done splendid work and next year the First Glee Club girls will have close competitors.

The orchestra has been as useful an organization as the high school has had. There have been few school or class affairs at which the services of the orchestra were not requested and always most cheerfully given. We are hoping that with our new building next year will come an opportunity for more students to enter this organization, for there is no club which can have greater value to a school.

The Boys' Quartette was an innovation this year and proved exceedingly popular. There ought to be a boys' chorus organized next year. There are enough boys with musical voices in our midst and we hope that next year the boys' chorus will be a reality.



Red Cross Banquet.



Uncle
Sam



Liberty and
Martha Washington.



DEBATE





Debating Team.

Mr. Tanner, Ethel Hall, Cecil Clark, Nellie Johnston, Mr. Crego, Addie McKenzie, Catharine von Tobel, Lydia Van Hyning.

Fergus Debaters

 T the beginning of the year, B. F. Tanner came to us as a teacher of English and debating and the coach of the debate teams. He has been assisted by H. P. Crego of the history department. Under rather difficult circumstances excellent progress has been made in this work. Two series of debates have been held, one for the county championship and the other for the state championship. By agreement in the county debates, Fergus was represented by a second team. This made necessary an early selection of teams, and the tryout for positions on the teams was held early in November. Limited time kept several good debaters from trying for the teams. A good number, however, contested and the following were chosen: Cecil Clark, Nellie Johnston, Lydia Van Hyning, Addie McKenzie, Catherine von Tobel and Leone Wentworth. Cecil Clark was barred from the state contest on account of his age. Leone Wentworth dropped out and Florence Poppe took her place. After the first debate, Florence Poppe had to leave school on account of ill health and Ethel Hall was chosen to fill her place. The final lineup was: First team, Nellie Johnston, Lydia Van Hyning and Addie McKenzie; second team, Cecil Clark, Catherine von Tobel and Ethel Hall.

The second team had its first debate at Moore and won. This was followed by a practice debate at Denton, in which Denton won. In a debate with Judith Gap shortly before the end of the first semester, they were again victorious. The first team made its initial appearance at Judith Gap and gracefully met defeat. Profiting by experience, they came back the next evening with new speeches and debated a strong team of the Baraca Class of the Methodist Church. On Friday evening of the same week, with new speeches, the result of their previous work, they won from the very confident team of Roundup. As Harlowton had forfeited to Fergus, on account of inability to prepare because of a long period of scarlet fever in the schools, this gave the district championship to the Fergus County High School. The judge at Roundup chose Lydia Van Hyning to represent the district at Missoula. Here she gave an excellent debate, though the decision went

to another debater. The last debate was with Winnett, where Fergus won the county championship.

In the judging of the various county and district debates, a one-judge system was used, the judge being required to explain the reason for his decision. In most cases this proved eminently satisfactory, and in every case gave the audience a much better conception of the meaning of real debating.

From the beginning, a new system of debating was used. Each student was thrown on his own responsibility and no speeches were prepared for any debater by outside parties or the coach. Each debater read widely on the subject, prepared a brief speech and then delivered an extempore speech. This was constructively criticized by the other debaters and the coaches. More research, another brief, and another extempore speech followed. This was continued till the regular debate evening, when without a prepared speech, but thoroughly acquainted with their material, the teams were prepared to analyze the subject, give their constructive arguments, and meet any arguments given by their opponents. The superiority of this system was shown by the fact that, in every debate, the Fergus rebuttal was far stronger than that of their opponents. The first team in a single week met three teams with a new speech each time and won two of the debates.

With a larger number of debaters, an earlier start, and thorough acquaintance of the coaches with the debaters, Fergus ought next year to have a team able to win over any team in the state.

The questions for discussion next year are difficult, and scarce suited for high school discussions. They will require considerable research and, more than is usually the case, clear thinking and logical outlines. They are a discussion of the "Single Tax" or probably the "Land Tax" and "Government Ownership of the Railroads."

TO OUR BOYS

We may not stop to take your hand
When passing in a crowd,
We may not whisper words of cheer
Nor speak our thots aloud,
But think not that our silence means
A want of deepest care,
We meet you face to face
And pass you with with a prayer.
We greet you, heroes every one,
And truly think you cannot fail,
And when you meet with freedom's foe,
Then right is might and tyrants quail.

Oliveta Rudd.

Debating



Squad



Mr. Grego

Homeward Bound



Nellie





Farm Play Cast.

Top: Leonidas Gove, Frank Washburn, Vernon McVey, Morris McCullom, Leroy Surprenant.
Bottom: Jessie Murray, Dorothy Brown, Fay Dobson, Gladys Barnes.

A Change of Mind

TWAS a treat. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be in town New Year's night will not soon forget the play or the music which helped to round out the evening's program. Morris McCullom as Cyrus Oliver, a hard-headed farmer of the old school, ably portrayed a class of people growing fewer. Jessie Murray as Mrs. Oliver took the house down by her interpretation of a good-hearted wife with no mind of her own, always agreeing with the person who spoke last. Fay Dobson played well the part of Loreta, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver's winning but determined daughter. The part of Angela, an orphan grand-daughter, was carried out to perfection by Dorothy Brown, whose kiddish proceedings were inimitable. The way she wound her grandfather around her finger makes us wonder who the power is in Dorothy's home. Betsy and Sam, the not too brilliant "hired girl" and a near "third witted" hired man proved to be Gladys Barnes with a generous wad of gum and plenty of giggle, and LeRoy Surprenant in a red wig and laboring with an exaggerated stutter, kept the house in an uproar by their simple love affair.

Dr. Sylvester, the family doctor, turned out to be Frank Washburn with a French beard. Frank makes a very imposing looking medic.

In Mr. Simpson, the wily old bachelor and villain of the play, we recognized Leonidas Gove, who amazed us by the ease with which he made love to Loreta, though impudently repulsed at every turn. His underhanded work came perilously near to wrecking the hopes of Loreta and her handsome farmer lover, Hugh Calvert, the hero, played by Vernon McVey.

The entire cast as well as Miss Lisherness are to be congratulated on the success which accompanied the performance. They all did their share toward making the farmers' week at our school an enjoyable one. They liked it all from the singing bee through to the drop of the last curtain.



LITERARY



A Man's a Man for A' That

R. J. Percival Ormington, Jr., was not to be blamed for his name, but being afflicted with it, it behooved him to live up to it; and being provided with a generous allowance, it also behooved him to spend it generously, and go in debt for the necessities of life. His father, J. P., Sr., wanted to make a man of him by putting him in the office with a very good chance of working up to take his own place; but Mrs. J. P. decided that such a thing would never do for her son.

"He must be a man of the world," she said, "one who has traveled and enjoyed the luxuries of society." So J. Percival, Jr., had traveled from London to Hong Kong, and from Hong Kong to London, had played at Monte Carlo, gazed at the Sphinx, ridden in the smooth gondolas of Venice and visited the beach of Waikiki. He ranked high in the social world and was considered a very clever, entertaining young man.

He could tell of every interesting place on the globe, to the delighted approval of Mrs. Ormington, but to the irritated chagrin of J. P., Sr.

J. Percival, Jr., was not really weak-minded in doing as his mother requested, but he did think that if he had a bigger roll of greenbacks in his pocket than the next fellow and didn't have to work for it, it was no plausible reason for J. Percival giving his roll to the other fellow, and working himself. He could get plenty of exercise riding or playing golf.

It was with this spirit of self-satisfaction, but dependence, that J. Percival had reached the age of twenty-three, one of the most popular, wealthy young fellows in town. He was always on the right side of everything, always played a square game no matter what it was, yet his conscience had never bothered him when it came to the industrial side of the world; he was interested, but merely as an onlooker.

Then when the war broke out in Europe, he noted it merely in these two facts: that he would have to travel somewhere else instead of Europe, and decided to "See America" now; and that his father had changed the big sign from "Ormington Steel Corporation, Inc." to "Ormington Munition Factory." That was all the interest he took in it.

But when a German submarine sank the Lusitania, his good old American blood began to warm gently, and then to boil; and by the time our President had declared war on the "barbarian" government, there was not a more enthusiastic patriot in the States than he. Every few days, when the long lines of khaki-clad men left on the big liner vessels on which he had so often traveled, he would order his car and drive down to see them off; but never did it occur to him that he might be one of them if he wished, until one day a Red Cross nurse timidly asked him to contribute to the "cause." No one had asked him before (his father being easier to find in his office, and more certain of when they did find him), so he looked at the girl, curiously at first, and then with frank admiration.

Here was a beauty, indeed (not one of the society "just so" kind), but a small girl, not over nineteen, with wisps of black hair curling rebelliously about the severe head dress, black twinkling eyes peeping at him from under long black lashes, and even white teeth showing now and then between the rose-red lips, as she spoke.

In a sort of dazed but courteous fashion he took his whole allowance for the month from his vest pocket and gave it to her. Then, realizing he had been staring at her, he flushed and with a nod toward the passing line of soldiers, was about to make some remark concerning them, when she said politely, "I suppose you've volunteered?" He hesitated, stammered and shook his head, and before he had time to speak a word in explanation, she said hesitatingly, "I beg your pardon. I supposed that every man—er—wanted to fight for his country!" The thought flashed thru his mind that he must explain to her that he was willing to go if need be, but—what explanation could he give her?

When they began to cheer wildly, he looked about for the cause of the en-

thusiastic outbreak and saw the boys waving their hats in farewell from the ships. The crowd was surging on, and as he turned again to speak to the girl, she was gone, carried on with the mass of enthusiasts, and altho he looked for her he could not find her again.

It did not take long for J. Percival to make up his mind about what action to take. At the dinner table that night he decisively announced to Mr. and Mrs. J. P., Sr. that he was going to join the airplane service; and no amount of pleading from his mother or remonstrance from his father (who privately told him afterward that it would make a man of him) would change him; he was resolute.

The very next day he applied for entrance, and being physically fit and withstanding the examination, he was accepted and on the following day was sent to an airplane training school. In three months' time he was in France and in another month was "corporal" of a squad of planemen, planning a scouting trip over the enemy's lines. It was to be his first real trip, and he was determined to "show them what he was made of." So with five planes following his, they started out.

He had been ordered to get the plan of the enemy's lines and the position of the artillery; but thru no fault of his he did not carry out the order. When they had not quite reached the first line of the allies, he noted a number of planes approaching a little to the right and above them. He recognized them as German planes and began ascending till he was nearly over them, then gave the signal for firing. His men, eager to get a chance at them, began at once and taking the enemy unaware, seemingly had the advantage. But it did not take the Hun airmen long to get on the same level as J. P., Jr.'s men and to fight with the skill of long practice. One of the English fellows was hit and his plane, left unguided, rushed toward the ground, and J. Percival was more careful after that in manipulating the machine gun. After about five minutes of hard work the shots began to tell on both sides, and each man, picking a plane on the opposite side, centered his efforts on that one.

J. Percival was opposing a fellow who had an exceedingly light plane, and had a gun which spat lead wickedly all about Percival, but he returned the shots with a determination which would have surprised his old friends and his father. The fellows were still fighting and shooting to kill. One of their men dropped back in the seat and his plane spun around and around in a spiral toward the ground; then a Hun chanced a shot at the Frenchman closer to him but not opposing him, and got him; and so it went until all were gone except Percival and his opponent, and another Hun who was rapidly approaching against Percival. J. P. maneuvered while trying to decide if it would be better for him to run back toward the rear lines and lead them on or to keep fighting with the chances two to one in their favor, but fate had already decided for him. He heard a shot from the newly arrived airman and something pierced his left arm and left it numb and useless.

He must get one of them at least, so placing the machine gun in position, he maneuvered close to his first opponent and shot. The man fell limp over the side of the plane and it went whirling below, but his arm was paining fearfully. Then—everything went black!

He opened his eyes and found himself looking into the anxious face of the little Red Cross nurse whom he had seen when the boys left on the liners months—it seemed like years—before.

He wondered if it wasn't all a dream and was going to put out his hand to see if the vision was real—but the arm was heavy as lead.

"Where am I?" he asked, as one always does when waking from a long period of unconsciousness.

The girl's face brightened visibly as she said, "Oh I'm so glad! I was afraid you wouldn't awaken again. They found you in the wreck of your plane."

"I guess the last of the gang got me," he said and closed his eyes contentedly.

A few weeks later J. P. Ormington, Sr., chuckled as he read the following cablegram: "Send diamond ring at once, like hospital fine, intend to stay as long as possible. Got shot while getting a Hun airplane, but this life has made a man of me. J. Percival, Jr."

Zelda B. Smythe.

A Camping Experience



T last school was out and two friends and I were on our way to camp. As the train carried us speeding onward we were in happy anticipation of the coming six weeks. After about an hour's ride we came to a beautiful little village tucked away in the mountains. From that point we had to go by auto for a distance of about three miles. We enjoyed the ride, and upon arriving at camp we at once began to explore. A barn stood a short distance away and we accordingly made our way toward it. Millicent, the most daring among us, began climbing a ladder, and at the same time making her way to the loft.

"Oh, let her explore," said Betty. "Then when she gets enough she will be satisfied."

"Don't touch any of the old guns up there," I called, "my brother says they are dangerous."

Then there was a period of silence and we began to wonder what had happened, for this was not in the least like Millicent.

"Oh girls!" suddenly came from the loft. "Come quick! A wild animal!"

Her voice told us plainly she was not joking and we proceeded to scramble up the ladder.

Millicent was on all fours, peering behind an old door that lay close to the side timbers of the barn. "Just look! His hair stands up like a porcupine's, and his eyes! Oh, my! Such eyes!"

We looked and had to admit that there was something there.

"It has straight black hair," exclaimed Betty, "and it does look fierce!"

"What shall we do?" I asked. "Jack will not be home until late this evening."

"And if we take our eyes off it, we run the risk of having it under the bed tonight," said Millicent. "Now if we could shoot a gun."

"I can," declared Betty, so walking over she chose one from the line of weapons that decorated the side of the loft. She crouched down and took aim. Crash!

"There, that got him!" I exclaimed. "I saw him fall over."

To make sure the thing was dead, we poked it gingerly with a long-handled rake Millicent had found.

"Pull him out, Millicent! What's the use of standing there with a rake in your hand?" I said.

So with one last poke she jabbed the rake into the corner.

We waited breathlessly. Betty moaned. I groaned. Drag—drag—it was coming out!

"Mercy!" exclaimed Betty.

"Goodness!" I gasped.

But Millicent, who was the only one near the thing, simply dropped the rake and stood staring, a blank look on her face.

"What is it?" we begged.

"A window brush!" she gasped, at the same moment stooping to pick up the beast, the thing with the straight, long black hair which stood up in such fierce bristles!

Olive Strickland.

Just in Time

EVERYTHING was in a bustle and a turmoil in my room. I was preparing to go to a wedding, a church wedding, the first one I had ever been invited to. It was just eleven o'clock and the wedding was to be at high noon. I was about ready, except for the finishing touches. I decided that in order to get there in time I should start promptly at eleven-thirty. I was becoming excited now; where were those beautiful white kid gloves I had received for Christmas? I had put them away securely and now when I needed them so badly, they were not to be found. But during my search, while I failed to find the gloves, I discovered a parasol. I thought I would take this and also a fan, as I thought this would be just the thing for a wedding. Finally I was ready, and as I walked down the street with my lacy picture hat, my parasol, and my fan, I felt all eyes were on me.

I did not feel this long, however, for I had gone but a few steps when a gust of wind came along and turned my parasol completely inside out. I was extremely humiliated and threw it down the first alley I came to.

The next thing my personage was robbed of by the wind was my beautiful hat, and when I saw this apparition go sailing down the street I could have crawled into one of the cracks in the sidewalk. I felt so conspicuous and yet so insignificant. But this is nothing compared to what followed. I was so absorbed and astonished in watching my hat go sailing down the street that when a few steps across a railroad track I felt something hard and looking down, I missed my slipper for the first time. When, where or why it had gone I knew not, but just then I heard a whiz and I looked around just in time to see the bride and groom go sailing by.

Ellery Russel.

ON CHRISTY'S LIBERTY BOND POSTER



Liberty stands with a message for all,
Can you not see that for you there's a call?
She has a purpose: to conquer the world,
Are you aware that in strife we are hurled?
Shadows of agony sweep o'er her face,
Tho' every line of her body is grace,
Lips slightly parted; arms stretching out
In her appeal, there's no shadow of doubt.
One hand she points towards our boys "Over There,"
Do you at home think you're treating them fair?
"Don't let this government drive pass you by,
Fight or buy Liberty Bonds," is her cry.

Peggy Rockwell.

Sonnets from Virgil Translated

Aeneas then brings out and binds on each
The boxing gloves, and then they take their stand
With heads drawn back, they mingle hand in hand.
All shout! There is no time to waste in speech,
Great hands deal blows as far as they can reach,
Each one has different powers at his command:
One has the most sure feet in all the land,
The other massive limbs and frame.
While each
Is equally determined now to win,
In vain they launch great blows at one another;
The victor will greatest of all men be,
A prize for which men gladly kill a brother.
But now we hear a shout arise again,
Entellus now is victor o'er the other.

Margaret Blackford.

The brave Entellus stood with poise unchanged
And dodged the mighty blows that came his way
Just as a city stormed is much endangered;
So Dores underneath the swift blows sways,
And then he, Dores, gains his hold again
And raising high his mighty hand o'er head,
He seeks to stay brave Entellus in vain,
For quick he slipped from 'neath the blows of lead,
Then fury did, Entellus, seize again
And he did strike great Dores down not dead,
But motionless upon the ground he laid
The aged one and thot to kill, but then
Amon, from out the band spoke up and said:
You win Entellus tho he be not dead.

Ruby Turnbull.



THE PASSING OF THE OLD WEST

No more are grazing herds seen o'er the plain,
Left free to wander for the sweetest grass,
Or following the winding trail to drain
Cool water from the trickling creeks that pass
Through growths of fragrant chokecherry and haw.
The cowman too, is gone, his chaps and spurs,
And broad sombrero long discarded stirs
No more the dust beneath his pony's hoofs,
The mystery of the night beneath the stars,
The huddled, silent herd, no sound that mars
The quiet save the hooting of an owl.
His spirit never conquered, at peace his soul,
Sole lord of his domain, he rules no more.
But what of those who come in this lord's wake?

Amelia McLachlan.

The Genius

RUE it was. Geraldine Castello, the little idol of hundreds who had watched her tread her path of progress to fame in two short years, could sing no more that season. She had started her life career thru the aid of Franklin Childs, her guardian. He had spared nothing in attaining for her her heart's desire. He was her sole escort to every affair of importance, for she was as yet a mere child. She was a proud little thing and when she found that she had lost her wonderful voice, her heart broke.

Not for a long while would the fashionable New York people again listen to the child genius whose youth and beauty were fast becoming known thruout the country. As quickly as she had appeared, she disappeared. Franklin Childs was as disappointed as she, for he loved the only daughter of his dead friend, Richard Castello. Each year that she had been in his care she had prospered. With a heart still burdened with its yearning dreams, he had let her have her will now, for she had not yet despaired of winning.

Hamlin was a miniature rustic village which nestled in a bewitching valley somewhere among the Blue Ridge Mountains. Probably its only reason for existence was the presence of the far-reaching Ridgewood estate, a mile or so out of its limits. On this vast piece of land worked the greater part of the villagers. The beautiful stone house among the oaks on the hill was the pride of the simple village people, but no one knew the rightful owner because it had stood unoccupied for so many years. The one person who some thot had once been its master, had been gone for many years, and the workmen on the place left all questions regarding him unanswered.

But now it was rumored that Ridgewood had a mistress, tho that person was only a golden-haired child who was often seen roaming the secluded grounds or at times playing with the tiny tots of a nearby school.

No one would have recognized in the blithesome lovely child the broken-hearted little song fairy of the great metropolis, who had tasted of a more bitter disappointment than probably any one in her village, excepting one. Geraldine Castello, now Geraldine Casten, flung aside every thot of delayed fame and joyously aided Nature in restoring her gift. The fault had been entirely her own, for she had been careless and like a naughty baby, had overstepped the advice of her guardian for the sake of a few flowers.

While looking from her window down into the crowded thorofare, one day in New York, she had spied an old woman trudging along in the misty rain trying to sell her flowers. A throng of little boys came along and one purposely knocked the tray from the woman's grasp, strewing the delicate blossoms on the sidewalk. Geraldine impulsively ran out to help her, her sympathy aroused. In the chilly rain she helped pick up the spilled flowers and bought a great bouquet for herself. A slight cold was her reward, and despite all precautions it settled in her throat. At the doctor's orders, Childs let her come to Ridgewood, his old home, for he could not leave his own work for the present.

After becoming the friend of the young school teacher near Ridgewood, Geraldine spent most of her time at the tiny red school house. One day her friend became so very ill during school that she was forced to go home, leaving Geraldine to fill her place. She took the little ones outside and sat down under a tree to tell them stories. By and by, she instinctively felt that she was being watched by some outsider, but the friendly trees and bushes told no tales.

There all the next day Geraldine had charge of the children and as she played and told them stories, she felt a pair of strange eyes always upon her, but she was not afraid.

A few days later as she was walking along the bank of a tiny creek near her home she came upon a strange person sitting silently gazing into the water, his hands locked about his knees. He didn't hear her soft approach, but when she had uttered a low exclamation as her eyes fell upon something at his side, he turned and the large, almost vacant eyes of brown suddenly danced with joy. A

slow smile crossed his lips as he looked at her, as if now that he had waited so long to smile, it was hard to do when the time had come. Slowly he arose on his crutches, and bowing low, offered her the object of her exclamation.

With downcast eyes she took it, and murmuring her thanks, turned and fled up the path homeward, her heart pounding uncomfortably. In her room she examined the object. It was merely a large square of white cardboard but on its surface was painted in true colors the exact likeness of herself with the tiny school children sitting under a tree as she had sat that day telling stories. This explained the gaze of the unseen person. She wondered who he was. Then on sudden impulse she sent the picture to her guardian in New York City.

Franklin Childs' heart leaped when he received it, for it was a token of his little ward's improvement. The out-of-door life had surely taken away from her face every expression of fatigue. He decided to go to see her when business was not so pressing.

But many days elapsed before he could leave the city and in that time little Geraldine had suddenly blossomed into womanhood. The silvery voice was hers again but only the school children were privileged to listen to the tones which the opera-goers were longing to hear again. Her dream castle was changing its towering walls of ivory to a low thatched rose-covered bowery of love. She did not know it until news of her guardian's coming were given her. Then something seemed to whisper to her: "Awake! Awake!"

She knew she must return to New York and continue her glorious reign in the hearts of grand opera idolaters, but now as she roamed the shady paths of her guardian's estate her thoughts were ever with another lonely heart. She dreaded Franklin Child's coming yet longed for it.

Preparations were being made hurriedly in Ridgewood Manor for the arrival of its master. The village folks of Hamlin waited impatiently for they were eager to know if its original master still owned it. The same customs had been retained in its care thru the years of his absence as when he resided there in his youth. By the presence of the young girl, the people thought he must have married, but no, that couldn't be true. Some older residents of the village still remembered the events of earlier years but said nothing. Neither had Geraldine conversed on any private affairs for she seldom met any of her neighbors as she wished to enjoy her vacation alone. And as the servants prepared for her guardian's coming, she was usually away from the Manor roaming among the woods and meadows in her free but pensive way.

One afternoon as she prepared to go roaming for flowers, she found a white missive which had been slipped under her door. How queer! She laughed as she thought of the strange little action new to her, and then opened it with curiosity and read the few words written in a neat boyish hand. A faint tinge of color spread over her face and her heart felt a pang of pity and regret. Should she tempt herself in going, she thought—but no, and tucking the little note in her bosom, she went out, though with hesitating steps.

She found him as before; a bent figure sitting on the brooklet's bank, dreaming. But he had expected her and he arose painfully, leaning on his crutches while his great dark eyes rested upon her unabashed. Her downcast eyes gave him courage and he spoke, in his direct way.

"You are Geraldine Castello of New York, aren't you?"

The girl raised her eyes in surprise and then nodded assent.

"Yes, my home is in New York. Why?"

"And you are a singer of rising repute," he continued. Then Geraldine truly started in surprise. Where had he found her secret, merely as a crippled boy on her guardian's estate? She saw that his eyes were not blank and expressionless as they had been on their first meeting and his foot did not trouble him so much. There was a great change also in his clothes; they were neater and of better fit.

Geraldine longed to question him as to why he was living on the estate where he never seemed to be needed, and always seemed to have the privilege of doing as he pleased. But the young man's eyes seemed to warn her to make no advances in that direction. Then she noticed a peculiar and intense twitching of his lips

and she wondered where she had seen such an expression of pain before, for she was sure she had seen it somewhere. Yet what puzzled her most now was his source of information concerning her identity.

"Who has told you my secret?" she asked, feeling that strange glance of those dark eyes upon her as she had those days at the school-house.

"Do you think I cannot hear and see?" he replied.

"I did not think that any one knew me here!"

"No one knows but myself," and the boy stared dreamily over her shoulder toward a rustic old farm place away across the meadow land.

"Then how did you find out, how did you guess? Not that I care whether people know me or not but I merely have not taken time to introduce myself properly." She smiled encouragingly.

He pointed toward the object of his gaze, the old farm house. Geraldine turned to look but saw nothing but summer beauty in the scene and she looked at her companion and saw that his face was infused with a beautiful light.

"There is where I found you," he said softly. Then seeing her puzzled expression, he asked: "Have you still the picture I drew of you?"

"I sent it to Mr. Childs, my guardian in New York."

"You have not sent it to Fra—Mr. Childs!" he exclaimed, laying his shaking hand on her arm.

"Have I done something I shouldn't have done? I'm sorry, but why?" the girl asked, a sudden ache in her heart.

"And what did he say?" he asked, ignoring her last words, "What did he say to you in return?"

"He was pleased and said he was coming to see me. I think it was splendid."

"He's coming?"

"I meant your painting—and yes, I will be glad to see him. It will seem like being back in New York," Geraldine explained, smiling.

"I've never been in New York," the young man said in a far-away voice, then turned again toward the farm house. "Would you like to go over there and see why I know you?"

At her eager assent he slowly led the way along a faintly worn path by the creek until it came to the main road. Geraldine had never noticed the intersection of road and path before. They crossed the road and continued along a deserted grass-grown path, over a stile, and finally into the mossy yard of the old log mansion.

Neither had spoken but now the girl stopped with an exclamation of delight and looked about her at the well-kept lawn and the ivy-covered house. Without stopping, he unlocked and pushed open the heavy door and they entered. Geraldine again uttered an exclamation of surprise. Here was the palace of a nobleman and protected by merely log walls on the outside. Only a faint close odor of long unused books told her that the place was unoccupied. As she followed her guide along a great hall, she caught glimpses of adjoining rooms, luxuriously but simply furnished. Then they passed the drawing-room and thru the heavy portieres she caught a brief glimpse of its interior. It seemed as if it had just been vacated by its host of dancers and she felt she was intruding.

Presently her companion stopped and opened a great oaken door which swung stubbornly on its hinges. Geraldine felt that she was surely entering the abode of a recluse. The odor of books met her stronger than before and as she stood for a moment in the dim darkness she saw, faintly, books on all sides. As her eyes became more accustomed to the dimness she saw her companion across the room, standing by a desk quietly observing her, yet strangely, for his dark eyes gleamed with something like satisfied longing.

"Here it is," he said and Geraldine moved near him and gazed upon a great golden framed portrait upon the wall to which he pointed. She saw in it a picture of a young girl some few years older than herself in whose eyes was the sweet expression of complete happiness and whose beauty was radiant.

"Who is it?" Geraldine asked under her breath as if afraid that the face would reproach her for deigning to ask such a question.

"I see you do not know, for 'tis true you have never really seen her. Still I did not think your guardian had kept you in such ignorance. This is your mother's portrait."

The girl gasped and clutched his arm.

"My mother! You must be mistaken. Mr. Childs has told me that no portrait of my mother exists."

"Then he is mistaken. You are standing now, in your father's library in your first home."

Geraldine Castello looked about her incredulously and again at the portrait of her mother—or could it be her mother?

"Why has not my guardian told me of all this, I wonder?" she asked.

"He has never seen your mother's portrait. Do not blame him for that."

Geraldine turned to this strange person and demanded, "Who are you? What do you know of my guardian and why do you live on his estate?"

"I do not live on his estate tho,"—he stopped and turned to the door, then, "Tomorrow Franklin Childs comes home. Bring him here and he will explain all to you if you demand."

He handed her the keys to her home and led her out of the house into the sunshine. Neither spoke until they were standing by the bank of the brook. Then Geraldine remembered the message she had received from this man which explained her presence there.

"I forgot—you said in the note that you were in trouble. You have not told me yet! Can I help you? She drew near and looked up into the sad face, and saw that the lips were again twitching in that peculiar way.

"I have never yet been without trouble I think, unless it was when my mother lived."

"I'm sorry. Have you always used crutches?"

"It is not my bodily hurts but my mental hurts that caused trouble. But now,"—he said no more but impulsively lifted her hand to his lips and then, turning, limped away toward the farm house.

No one had ever kissed her hand like that but her guardian, and she felt very much older than before she had come to the Manor.

II.

It was very late when Franklin Childs arrived. Geraldine was in the drawing room, at the piano singing. She had not expected her guardian, and she was thinking, as she sang, that she did not want to return to New York, as she knew she must do. She wanted to stay here in this paradise valley always. Yet what had so fascinated her in such a lonely old place, to which she had so dreaded coming in the first place? Geraldine knew not what made her so contented but she was willing to stay forever. She thought of her home across the meadow, probably the first and last home of her parents. She had not known that such a wonderful old place existed for her and an angry feeling toward her guardian for his silence was in her heart. He must have been afraid that she would wish to return to it before she had made herself successful in her career. Yes, Franklin Childs had always been ambitious for her success and when she had caught the cold that ruined her voice, he had seemed as despondent over it as she herself. She wished that she could tell him that she had not regained her voice yet, so he would wish her to stay longer. But her sudden thought was thrown to the winds by a low voice from the door-way and the sudden appearance of her guardian.

"Thanks to Nature, you have regained your voice! I heard you singing; it was splendid." Franklin Childs strode across the room to the girl at the instrument. She arose with a forced smile of welcome as he took her hand.

"We did not expect you tonight. I will call Mrs. Martin to—"

"What could be so interesting in this place for you, Geraldine?" Childs asked somewhat swiftly.

"Everything. I have learned more here than I had ever expected to learn in

New York," she answered, facing him squarely. With a start she noticed the twitching of his lips so like that of the cripple boy.

"What have you learned?" He casually lit his pipe and waited. But Geraldine, ignoring his question, asked with a smile:

"What did you do with the picture I sent to you? Didn't you think it was good?"

Her guardian arose and leaned against the fireplace.

"Who painted the picture? It was fine."

"I do not know his name but he is a crippled boy who stays, I believe, in my old home over yonder." She saw him start and grip his pipe tighter but he did not look at her. Then she felt the angry feeling again and she arose and faced him, her hands clinched.

"Why are you silent? Why don't you speak and tell me things you have never told me; things any girl would love to know about her home and parents?"

The dinner bell tinkled discordantly and both stood still, staring at each other, the man seeing an expression of passion he had never before seen so plainly on his little ward's face; the girl seeing only a yearning and somewhat bitter smile on the face of the man. Immediately she repented her outburst and ran to him with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, forgive me! I have hurt you deeply. Do you understand?" She clung to him childishly and he gently took her in his arms and wiped away her tears. How little she seemed.

"I do understand, little girl, but don't make this evening unhappy for me, will you?"

Geraldine promised and said no more but that of the morrow.

The warm autumn day passed away and evening came again before Geraldine saw Franklin Childs. He came upon her as she was walking toward the little brook.

"Where are you going?" he asked, a little weary note in his voice, for he had been busy all day on his estate and wherever Franklin Childs went, business was sure to follow.

Geraldine laughed a happy little laugh for she did not know, herself, why she was following the creek path.

"I never pay much attention as to where I go in particular here, for I always find something worth while at the end."

When they came upon the spot where she had met the crippled boy, she was about to tell him of the incident, but a sudden confusion of mind caused her to be quiet, and instead she led him on down the little grassy path toward the farm house where she hoped to find her friend waiting for her.

Franklin Childs said nothing as he followed his ward thru the gate into the well-kept yard but a look of surprise spread over his face as he looked about unbelievingly. The girl opened the door and let him go in first. The man looked about him, noting every familiar detail just as he had last seen it, almost eighteen years before. His businesslike manner changed to one of childlike awe as he followed her down the hall to the library.

"Just as it was then," he murmured to himself. The girl said:

"Have you ever seen a portrait of my mother?"

"There was none made, Geraldine." He followed her into the room. They stood for a moment in the darkness, then a sudden light, though dim, caused by the raising of a shade in the farther end of the room, helped them to see more clearly. Franklin Childs stepped forward with a gasp of astonishment toward the desk in the far corner, his eyes upon the portrait above. Geraldine drew back into the darkness at the sound of the raising shade.

"Adelia Elton!" whispered Childs, gazing at the picture above. "why have you been hidden here in the darkness for so long? I didn't know! I didn't know!"

Geraldine watched her guardian, eyes wide, then covered her face and turned away, for she had seen on the man's face an expression of hopeless love, long hidden and suddenly bared to the light. She felt a light touch upon her arm. It was

the crippled boy. He pulled her gently away, across the room. She walked noiselessly over the polished floor space.

"Come away. You do not understand him yet," she heard him whisper. She felt very content to do as he bade her and felt assurance in his presence, as she had never felt it in the presence of her guardian. But this was not for long, for Childs suddenly aroused himself from his mute trance, and glancing about, called softly: "Geraldine!"

No one answered, for the girl's companion had whispered, "Silence."

The man turned to the picture again.

"Adelia, have I kept your promise? Speak, girl of my youth, I have never yet lied concerning you." But the beautiful face of the woman above only looked down upon him in calm pensiveness. Childs bowed his head as if in thanks for the answering light in her eyes, and turned away. He felt a detaining touch on his arm and saw Geraldine at his side. He gazed for a moment down on the golden hair, then caught her to him roughly.

"Adelia!" Then he seemed to remember and released her, "Oh, 'tis only Adelia's child. Come girl. It is late."

He led her out into the dusk and did not notice that she left the door open behind them. He did not glance once upon the golden head by his side until they had reached home.

"Geraldine, you have uncovered the greatest secret of my lonely life," he confided when they were in his library at home. "I am going to tell the story of my life to you—"

"No, dear Mr. Childs, do not. It is nothing to me," the girl begged.

"But it is something to you. When I was twenty years old, I fell heir to this estate. Both my parents and my brother were dead. Richard Castello, your father, was the son of a great friend of my family, whose estate bordered on this, my father's. We were friends until we both became acquainted and immediately infatuated with a beautiful young girl in the neighborhood. Each of us wooed her, but Richard had more tactful ways and he won her. Our parents had objected, for she was not known to them, but I was determined that I could win her a home even if I was disinherited, for I had worked and saved." Geraldine again saw him twitch his lips in the familiar way. "But when Richard won, I willingly drew aside. Then things went wrong. Richard thought he could provide for his bride thru his own means, but his bank failed and left him almost a beggar. Adelia was not rich herself, at least not rich enough to buy a home. Then Father died and left me this estate. I sold Richard that piece of land over there and he built her that house of logs. Adelia tried to be happy. I went away to New York, where I've stayed ever since, or the greater part of my time. Only once I returned and then at her behest. I found Richard dead. He had been unsuccessful and despondency laid him in his grave a year before she sent for me."

"My father?" There were tears in the girl's eyes.

"Yes; I also found you in the arms of your mother. She had lost her pride, she said, for she had intended to wait until I returned of my own free will, but she became ill, and fearing death, sent for me. I found that she loved me, and I brought her here—"

"My mother?" Geraldine looked up into her guardian's face, astonished.

"Yes, she had but one servant and I brought her here, intending to take her to New York to a doctor, but death claimed her and—"

"Did you still love my mother?"

A moment's hesitation, then:

"No, I only pitied her but she never knew. On her death-bed she gave me her daughter and made me promise to make her life successful in the path she seemed most fitted for. She asked me to be silent concerning the unhappy life she and Richard were forced to live until her child was old enough to understand, and really desired to know it. I took her willingly and thru her I have learned to love Adelia again, too late."

"What do you mean, Mr. Childs?" the girl inquired puzzled.

Geraldine arose and went to him and put her arms about his neck gently.

"I am so glad"—she found herself pressed hard against his heart and his lips were on hers. Then she realized what she had done. She struggled out of his grasp and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't! Don't touch me again that way. I have made a mistake."

He moved nearer but she faced him firmly. The stricken pale face she looked upon quieted her anger.

"I didn't know what you meant. I love you as a daughter—Geraldine!" Franklin Childs felt himself slipping into blindness and he sank weakly into a chair. "I see how I have wronged you. Forgive me child. I thought you cared, have thou so for a long time. Oh forgive me, Geraldine!"

Without meeting his pleading eyes, the girl took his outstretched hand and lifted it reverently to her lips.

"It was my mistake."

III.

Back in New York Geraldine again became the idol of music in the opera world, and every one noticed that she had dropped the childish gayness, so fascinating the season before, for a quiet expression of sweet womanliness.

The painting of Geraldine, Franklin Childs had placed in a conspicuous nook in his beautiful home and many people praised and admired its beauty and simplicity. Another picture also hung in the same room, that of Adelia Elton. Childs often wondered why he had never seen it when he had returned that time long ago. And yet it seemed so very new and fresh.

A year passed. Geraldine sang, always, but deep down in her heart lay a regret that she could not sing away that which was seeping her vitality and stealing away her youth.

Franklin Childs saw and gently questioned.

"Nothing is the matter, dear guardian. I just feel so very lonely once in a while," she answered with drooping face, and he had gone his way thoughtfully. But the young girl often sat in silence and he did not know that she was thinking of the strange incident of their lives that had happened in her old home; of the paradise in which she had roamed for a little while—sometimes in the company of the young crippled boy. Often she wondered what the young man had meant by his trouble. How she could have helped him had she had time! He had said that he had never been to New York. But still she could not pity him, try as she might, for she envied him. He was living in her old home and had the pleasure of keeping it beautiful. But why had he kept it beautiful? Not for her. He did not know that she would ever return. Her conclusion was always, that he did it for his own love of beauty.

IV.

Another year passed. New York suddenly awaked to the realization that another genius was reposing in her midst and she brot him out for inspection.

He was an artist.

He had not been the tutored pupil of some other renowned artist, but he had learned all his knowledge directly from Nature. New York's miniature flower gardens had not furnished his source of color, but in quiet mountain valleys he had learned his art and fashioned his brushes and colors. He had studied closely the delicate tints of every beautiful flower while yet the dew of early morning clung to them. And he had secretly snatched examples of village maiden beauty in all its forms of grace and unmatched simplicity.

Then thru the mere wish of a successful New York business man for a portrait of his ward, the young artist rose to fame.

In the home of her guardian, Geraldine Castello, the young singer, posed for her portrait. Once more she was living the life of a roamer in the fields of Ridgewood estate. Nature's beauty was again brot to her thru the voice of the young artist. Once more youthful girlishness suffused her countenance and once again Franklin Childs saw and questioned.

"I feel as if some part of my life that has heretofore been taken from me is given back. Is that not a good way to feel, Mr. Childs?" she answered happily and a troublesome burden fell from his heart.

"Is your picture finished yet, Geraldine?" he asked a few days later. But she shook her head expressively and forbade him to enter the room where the unfinished portrait stood.

"I cannot see why you wish to pose for some amateur artist of whose work we know nothing. I want the painting to be perfect."

She only looked a bit reproachful and answered:

"His work has already been tested, and by yourself," and then she danced away.

Franklin Childs went about his work and thought little of what his ward had said concerning the artist, and yet he waited impatiently for the portrait.

On the night of a ball held at his home, Geraldine announced the showing of her latest portrait. He followed her as eagerly as the rest and an exclamation of astonishment broke from his lips as he looked upon it for the first time.

The sweet face looking out at him from the wealth of golden curls seemed glowing with that new life which he had lately seen in his ward's countenance. The eyes were the very counterparts of Adelia Castello's. The touch of the brush of a genius was shown in the delicate pink of the cheeks, in the creamy white roundness of the neck and shoulders. The tender soft shimmer of the golden hair seemed to crown the beauty of it all.

There was clamor for the artist. Geraldine quietly told her guests that he did not wish to be known until his work could be recognized. Then an artist of great repute was summoned to examine the work.

"It is the work of a genius!" the great man pronounced when he had taken in only a few details of the painting.

"Who was his teacher?" he asked.

"Nature was his teacher," Geraldine timidly answered with a faint blush, for a great many smiled at such an incredulous source of learning in that great city. But into the artist's eyes had crept a keen perception of all the facts and before he departed he had obtained permission to exhibit the portrait at the Art Museum for a day. Childs did not like to consent to such a proposition but finally agreed, when his ward whispered pleadingly in his ear.

"Give him a chance."

When all the guests had departed, Childs drew his ward into the library and gently lifted her flushed face up to him.

"Tell me, little girl! What is he to you?"

"Nothing, dear guardian, nothing. Can I not be interested as much in the success of a beginner as in myself?" she answered, but her eyes did not meet his and he saw the flush deepen.

Then Franklin Childs began to wait impatiently for he knew not what.

Hardly had the noted little singer's portrait been presented to view before a crowd of New York society art lovers had surrounded it and proclaimed the unknown artist a genius. For several months rich patrons of art searched for the young artist in vain. Then another painting was exhibited to the eyes of the public. It was as wonderful as that of the little singer and put every other painting in the background. It was a picture of the Madonna. For a day it hung in the art gallery, the artist unnamed, then thru some source the artist's name was attached.

It was the day on which Franklin Childs and Geraldine visited the Museum. Both stood admiring the portrait for several minutes before they noticed the small white card attached. The little exclamation of astonishment broke from her lips and then she turned to her guardian.

"Romy Childs!"

The man snatched the card from her hand and held it to the light. Yes, there it was in plain Roman gold: "Romy Childs." He stared at the name with trembling lips.

"What is he to you? Tell me," she asked of him as he had asked of her before. He led her into a little alcove lighted by only a faint light. The girl saw a

strange light in her guardian's eyes and when he bade her go find the artist quickly, she hurried away.

As the girl disappeared, a man arose from a chair in the shadows and came forward. Childs stared at him as in a dream.

"Romy!" he muttered, and as he saw a smile on the other's face, he threw his arms about his shoulders and groaned aloud.

"You are surprised, Frank? Why should you be?" the young artist quietly asked.

"You ask why! You, a brother whom I had thought dead?" exclaimed the elder as he held the boy off arm's length and searched his face.

"You look just as when I last saw you. Tell me about it, Romy! Our dead mother knows more than I."

"Wait until we go to your home, Frank. Find Geraldine—"

Just then the girl appeared in the door, a frown on her pretty mouth. She saw the one she was looking for there before her and the frown changed to a smile as the young artist started toward her.

"Geraldine!" the latter exclaimed delightedly.

No more was said until they were again in Franklin Child's home. Then the long lost brother related the story of his fortunes, or misfortunes.

"Before mother died you sent me to a sanitarium in London, and from there you heard of my death," he smiled boyishly, but the girl who sat near could not fathom his meaning.

"Why did they lie?" Franklin asked, staring hard.

"Because I ran away and they couldn't find me."

"Where did you go?"

"I returned home with what sense I had left me when I escaped. I forgot how I gained passageway. Then I came to Hamlin and here I tell you the truth dear brother—that village doctor knew more than all those London specialists put together. He had said that he could help me before I left and he has. You see Frank, I do not use crutches either. When I fell that eventful day," and he turned to Geraldine to explain, "my leg and foot were hurt and also I became insane at the same time." The young man put his hand to the back of his neck. "Here is where I was hurt the most, but you folks did not understand and thinking it would help me most you scorned the village doctor and took the learned advice of a London specialist. But I swear to you, they took me only for your money. I received no help from them and that is why I ran away. It was a miracle that I happened to retain in my memory the way home. I was found by the doctor of the village."

"Why haven't they told me?" Franklin demanded.

"That is where my resolve began. No one knows me there yet but the old doctor. I decided to be silent until I was capable of coming to you with part of the fortune you spent for me—especially the funeral expenses." The dark head bent low with laughter and the others joined.

"Don't Romy, go on." The elder was sober again.

"When the doctor had mended my spine, I became as sane as you are, immediately. But only time could cure my leg and foot. Then I found Richard Castello's home empty and uncared for. I had always admired Richard when a youngster—I suppose because he was your friend. Then I heard of the tragedy, and finding you were in New York caring for Richard's daughter, I resolved to do something for you both. I found a miniature photograph of Richard's wife and copied it into a larger portrait—"

"Then you painted that portrait of Adelia Elton?"

"Yes, I put my heart and soul into it. Then I saw Geraldine and knew she must be Adelia's daughter. There is where I wronged you, Frank."

"How?" The older man looked down and placed his hand gently on the girl's head.

"I told her about her home and showed her the picture I painted of her mother and then I saw that you had never yet spoken and I said no more."

"Yes, he told me to come to you for the rest," Geraldine murmured, looking up.

"I was very much disappointed when she sent the little painting to you, Frank, for I was afraid you would in some way recognize my peculiar way of marking. I used to draw so much."

"I had not thought of you when I received it or when I came down there." The calm face of the man betrayed no signs of past passion, neither did that of the girl.

"When I recovered, I came to New York and you have made me successful—with the help of your ward," he finished and arose.

"Now may I get some brushes I left here? I think they are in the gallery."

"Certainly Romy. Won't you stay here with us? What's mine is yours." The other two arose but the young man had already run lightly from the room.

They waited—it seemed an hour to Geraldine.

"He surely cannot find them. Shall I go and help him?" Franklin Childs settled himself in his chair and began to smoke. It seemed so strange that he should have his brother again after all those years of oblivion.

Many times he had wished he had a brother just for the consolation he felt he could derive by knowing that he was not the only representative of his family. Now that his wish had come true, it seemed incredible. Now he had two people to be interested in. What a blessing Geraldine had been!

He became aware of an oppressive quietness in the room since his ward had gone out and he grew impatient. Why didn't they return? He would go to find them.

When he had reached the gallery door, he softly opened it and looked in. He stared for a moment, then retreated into the shadow of the hall. In the brief glimpse, he had seen Geraldine standing by the window in the arms of Romy.

Franklin tiptoed away. A new feeling of exultation filled his heart. He was satisfied, content, as he again stretched himself in his chair in the library and waited.

Presently they came in. A faint blush was on Geraldine's face.

"We found them," the girl said as she seated herself beside Childs.

"They must have been well hidden," said Franklin, his eyes twinkling.

"Come here tomorrow, Romy," he admonished as the young man prepared to depart. He could see no sign of the paint brushes.

When Romy had gone, Childs turned to the girl and gently shook her.

"Wake up, Geraldine, I have an important question to ask you."

Geraldine smiled knowingly, and dropped her eyes.

"What is my little artist brother to you, little girl?"

She looked up and saw that his eyes were twinkling with suppressed joy. She wiped away a tear and threw her arms about his neck and whispered:

"Oh everything! He is everything to me."

"Then I am very proud and happy, little sister."

Geraldine Castello searched her guardian's face intently and knew that he meant what he said. She knew also what he meant when he said:

"I am glad. I have fulfilled my promise to Adelia."

Katherine Sams.

The End.



The Ravens



ANG! Bang! Bang! Bang! Four terrible shots rang out. A heart-rending moan, a piercing cry. Then a long ominous silence. Bang! Bang! Two more shots more terrible than the first. "Dick! Dick!" No answer. "Oh, Dick!" Less answer. The pine trees on the cliff moaned plaintively in the otherwise oppressive silence. Suddenly a lone owl hoo-hoed sharply and simultaneously a flash of lightning illuminated a scene of overpowering dread. I looked on aghast—my hair stood on end. I trembled violently, for what I had seen there was so terrible, so dreadful, so awful that it is impossible for a human being to describe it. For that reason I must refrain.

Now, honest, admit it. Was that not a good beginning? You can't deny that it gripped you. The trouble these days is that it is rather hard work to make people read articles. Most articles are not worth reading to begin with. You look at the heading and feel lukewarm. Then you read the first sentence and the chances are you immediately form the opinion that the author is an insufferable bonehead. At that you may do him an injustice. He is probably only a second rate idiot. No matter, you won't read his stuff. That's where advertising pays. Put something really exciting at the beginning, even if it has no bearing at all on the rest of the story. Almost anything goes, the more mysterious the better. Also—but my space is limited and you are probably worked up into a state now where you can stand the rest.

The topic of my theme is "The Ravens," that memorable organization which tried so much to benefit the school.

The origin of this Boys' Literary Association is doubtful, but it seems that it was a suggestion of Mr. Crego and Mr. Tanner in the bygone days of last fall, that, since the girls for over a year had had such a society, the boys should organize one. At first the meetings were to be held every Wednesday night, but later it was changed to Tuesday night. The first meetings attracted quite a large crowd of boys and faculty members, including Mr. Canup, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Tanner, and Mr. Crego, and were certainly alive, with all the parliamentary debate in which Mr. Tanner instructed us.

At the first meeting, some officers were elected and it was decided to choose a name for the society. As usual, there were some who insisted on applying some antique appellation, and borrowed from some other like organization, such as Boys' Literary Society, or Pioneer Literary Society, but no such was to go with the members. The name "Ravens" was suggested as being appropriate, and was passed with a two-thirds vote. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. This included a provision that twenty-five cents each six weeks was to be the dues, which perhaps was the death-knell of the society.

A program committee was appointed, which looked after all the entertainments after the first meeting. The opinion seemed to have been prevalent that just a rather dry, rather tame, altho interesting time was to be had at these meetings, but very few boys like this kind of a time after a day of school work of the same kind. This opinion is entirely erroneous. The Ravens were not a crowd of rowdies, but certainly had a fine time in their programs, with the speeches, debates, and musicales. At least one faculty member was at each meeting, and at the beginning there were over fifty members, but these dwindled down to six at the last. It was the purpose of the organization to give a comedy to the school, but the plan was adjudged impracticable by Mr. Tanner and a mock trial decided upon, but the Ravens broke up before this could be put into effect, because only six members had come for the last two weeks and five of these were officers.

The Ravens fortunately had a good pianist, Frank Washburn, who supplied enlivening music at all meetings to call the members into the assembly room from

the nearby vicinity of the school or perhaps the organization would have broken up before it did.

Several times refreshments were served but were immediately stopped when the pledges were signed.

Perhaps we had our meetings too often, perhaps the dues were too much, perhaps the meetings were uninteresting, but the fact that there were some regular members who came to every meeting and thoroly enjoyed it, points to the contrary. But it is the purpose of the Ravens to reorganize next year in our new building. Let it be hoped that at that time there will be more enthusiasm for such an organization.

Ralph Doumonte Campbell.

The W. S. S. Parade

T 1 o'clock Thursday, March 14, the pupils of the Fergus County High School, the Lewistown grade and Parochial schools, as well as the kindergartens, made a splendid procession, led by Sheriff John H. Stephens carrying the American flag, the Elks trumpet corps, Mayor Clark and Chief of Police Ray. To the strains of the national anthems they marched down Main Street in a Thrift Stamp parade.

The streets were massed with hundreds of people from the city and county interested in the war-savings societies. The three upper classes of the High School formed the letters "W. S. S.," the Seniors forming the "W," while the Juniors and Sophomores each formed an "S." Flags waved enthusiastically, and appropriately painted slogans appeared at frequent intervals. Some of the slogans were: "A child shall lead them," "We are learning to save earlier than you," and others equally good. Uncle Sam played a prominent part in the parade and the Boy Scouts in uniform attracted a great deal of attention.

After marching down Main Street to the Milwaukee station, the procession marched back to the corner of Main and Fourth Streets, where Judge Smith delivered a stirring patriotic speech. He congratulated the pupils on their demonstration, their example to others, and their spirit in helping to win the war. Mr. Smith told of the purposes of the war and of the brutal tyranny of Germany, and expressed the wish that the American flag would soon be flying from the imperial palace in Berlin. Judging from the applause that followed this remark, everyone present joined him in his wish.

Leonidas Gove.

WAR GARDENS

Gardens before us and winter behind us,
Hoeing in morning and hoeing in evening,
Helping to feed our brave men in the battle,
Working our way for the victory coming.
Planting potatoes, the corn and tomatoes,
Weeding the radishes, beans and the cabbage,
Growing more tanned and elated each day,
Knowing we're helping the soldiers this way.

Zelma Gordon, '18.



W.S.S.
parade



The Burning of the High School



PLEASANT evening it was, the evening of Tuesday, April 30. Crowds of people enjoying the keen freshness of a perfect spring night were still thronging the streets. Then in sharp contrast came the harsh clanging of the fire-bell. A dull red glow was noticeable in the sky and soon fire-trucks, sirens wildly wailing, roared by. But where? What was it? Someone said the high school. Yes it was. The grand old building which had sheltered us for so many years was gone. There was no hope; it was gone and with it all the treasures that had been accumulating since the beginning of the school: the pictures of old athletic teams, the cups and other memoirs of victorious Fergus, all things that can never be replaced. Still the flames mounted, higher and higher, walls fell in, sending up myriads of sparks. Beautiful? Yes, but horrible in its intensity and meaning. By morning it was still smoldering—a ruin. Parts of it still stood, a grim protest against incendiaryism. But it is useless to dwell upon the past; better to welcome the plans for the future. With the new building let there be a new school with a fresh spirit far greater and grander than the old.

Ivan Calkins, '18.

FIRE!

Ding! Dong! Fire! Fire! Fire! Where? This was the cry at the noon hour, April 22, when all high school students were on their way home for lunch. As people looked they soon discovered there were pretty little red dazzling flames on the roof of the High School building. For once in their lives the students rushed to school.

When people arrived on the scene the general questions were: When did it start? How did it start? That this fire had been under way for an hour or so before it was noticed seems probable, for it destroyed almost all the roof of the old building. The firemen did their work, effectively soaking the whole building so that when school reassembled students thought it was raining in almost every part of the building.

This fire was thought to have been started by defective wiring but read what follows and see if you think so.

Tuesday, 10:30, April 30. Ding! Dong! Fire! Where? In the northern part of town. Ding! Dong! Fire! Fire! Where? In the southern part of town. Ding! Dong! Fire! Fire! Where? The High School. How did it start? It didn't start; it just burst into flames. The firemen were there in a hurry with all the rest of the town. The mystery was solved by a gallant fireman whose first look inside of the building disclosed oil cans. Then came bomb! bomb! The whole building was saturated with oil. As rooms caught on fire the smoke and flames were black, showing the use of oil. The firemen worked heroically but saved little besides the basement and the first floor of the new addition.

Farewell, old building, we love you, and we can never forget you, so farewell.

Morris McCollum, '18.

THE DISASTER

"For heaven's sake, wake up! The school house is on fire again!" As this cry rang out through the halls of the dormitory there was great confusion. First there was a scurrying to the windows and after a single glance at the fire there was a mad rush out of the door to the scene of the disaster.

Everything was in a jumble and tumult—cars, whose drivers seemed to have forgotten there ever was a speed limit, rushed forward—women, hastily putting on

caps to cover curl papers—men and children all hurried on. The city was out to view the baneful aspect.

Yes, there it was. Our dear old school burning as though the pent-up wrath of an ancient volcano had burst out in all its power. The firemen, hurrying from scenes of other fires, used all their remaining strength and strained every effort to extinguish the flames. But it was of no avail. The demons flashed angrily, while amidst the turmoil at intervals could be heard explosions testifying to the deadly work of the incendiaries. They had planned well and their second attempt to burn the building proved successful.

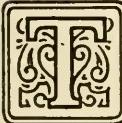
After an hour had passed the entire north side tumbled down in a mass of ruins.

There could be seen large groups of high school students standing and looking disheartened at the crumbling ruins of their school. "Will there be any more school this year?" "Where will we have school now?" "Do you suppose we'll be able to get our credits?" These and other questions were heard on all sides. But saddest of all was the effect upon the Seniors. There was the cherished building where they had worked and played for four long years. Never before had they quite realized its place in their hearts. Many remained at the scene of the disaster until long past midnight.

The next morning there was assembly in the "gym" where we were told of the arrangements for school the rest of the year. If the persons who were responsible for the fire thought they would demoralize the school they were badly mistaken. There is more spirit in Fergus County High School now than there has ever been before, and next year Fergus will have the largest attendance and the best work that the county has ever known.

Doris Shaw, '19.

Girls' Literary Society

HE Girls' Literary Society was organized again this year under the leadership of Miss McEntee. At the first meeting we decided to study one country at each meeting and to have some person who had visited that country, talk to us about it. This was different from last year's plan, in which the girls took entire charge of the programs. The following officers were elected to serve for the school year: President, Catherine von Tobel; Vice-President, Elsbeth King; Secretary, Nella Gurnett; Treasurer, Margaret Rauch.

Our meetings were very interesting and we boast a membership of at least fifty. At the first regular program, Miss Burroughs gave us a talk about Alaska. Several outsiders were there, too, and when six o'clock came the girls didn't want Miss Burroughs to stop. Several enthusiastic listeners said they would be willing to stay all night and continue the talks. Mrs. Frank Hazen told us, at a later meeting, about her stay in Paris; Mrs. J. E. Lane pictured the wonders of Japan for us; Mrs. Bardwell interested us with her experiences in Porto Rico, and so on thru the year, each meeting fully as interesting as the last. When Miss Ruth Waite was in town she was kind enough to come up and give us her talk on China and show her wonderful pictures. Nor was this all, for she had brought with her her souvenirs and choice oriental articles. This meeting was thrown open to the whole school and lasted the entire afternoon.

We feel that our Literary Society has been a success, but for next year our plans are bigger than ever. We were the only club in school which regularly served refreshments at its meetings, but we gave this up in order to Hooverize. Our attendance didn't fall off, either. We were so successful with our society that the boys were envious and started an organization of their own.

Remember, the Girls' Literary belongs to every girl in school. It is your society as well as mine. Next year we want you for a member, we need you—and we promise that you will not regret it.

M.

Class Poem

We were the Seniors of nineteen eighteen,
The very best class that had ever been seen.
Now we were going, were leaving in June,
For some of our teachers it wasn't too soon.
Altho they had stood for us those four long years,
When we departed, they didn't shed tears.
But when this old class had gone out in the world,
And into all walks of life they were whirled,
Our teachers all said with perhaps a moist eye,
"We never miss the water 'till the well runs dry."
Now really the Seniors of nineteen eighteen
Were in all their studies exactly as keen
As the class of '14 or still further back.
(Reports in the office showed that was a fact.)
We had talented persons as perhaps you don't know,
There's a recital tonight by Miss Pauline Grego.
And she isn't all, for Zelda and Fay,
You can hear them also—if you're willing to pay.
That is all the musicians I recollect now,
But there were others who have too made their bow.
We've some singers, as well, in that class of eighteen,
Thelma, Jessie, Lucille and Roy Gagle I mean.
Thelma and Jessie are on the Chautauqua,
Lucille is a teacher, but Roy is a doctor.
There was another, I forget his name,
But he became a whistler of county-wide fame.
His notes were poured forth with the ease of a bird,
No doubt on the Edison this man you've heard.
But to other realms we must turn mindful thot,
What successful attainments our young men have sought—
But wait! while I tell you what I saw in the "Times"—
That popular "Mack" was a rich owner of mines.
Leonidas won in a case against Boice,
All I remember of him was his voice.
Casper and "K" have both come to war,
Of the other young men I don't know any more.
The girls—oh! yes, there were some of those
Who were noted especially for the catching of "beaux."
How we looked on with a cold jealous stare
And declared with disgust that it just wasn't fair,
For Beth Symmes and Rita, and Ruth Royce and Moore
Had their dates made for a fortnight before.
Yes, I've heard of Miss Smith with a "rep," from Montana,
Who made a good substitute for the banana.
Just one more and then I must stop,
Did you hear that "Muggs" Blackford had taken the veil
And now is the warden of the Fergus County jail?
Let none be hurt if his name is not here,
For I've been with Cecilia in France for a year.
And so we can't keep up with that blessed throng
Of the class of '18 that was forty-eight strong.
So when you at home can write us some news,
(Not something melancholy to give us the blues)
Do write it soon and answer our call,
We want to know something about them all.
Hoping you'll soon have more things to tell,
I remain your Red Cross friend, Peggy Rockwell.



"Cookie"



Peggy

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"Beth"



?



"Dutch"
and
Rea.



"Chums"

K.



E
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Playing
"House"

G
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Senior Picnic



ELL have another contest so the Seniors can win and have another half-holiday! It was worth every dollar and every bit of work we put into the contest to get that Friday. We started about 1:15 under the envious glances of the underclassmen. They did their utmost to pour cold water on our day, but the weather was beautiful and we were all in a joyous mood, so they were rather unsuccessful.

Thanks to the members of the class who lent us their cars, and to some other students, we reached our destination, about seven miles up Spring Creek, without tire trouble or gasoline shortage. When all the Seniors were unloaded, we proceeded to get acquainted with our surroundings, or at least some did; others built the fire. For this we chose a place among the trees where the Creek was narrow. After it condescended to burn, we placed the "spuds" therein, covered them up with boards and left them to bake at their leisure (meaning as quickly as possible). The fire made, an exploration of the surrounding country seemed favorable, so we proceeded to climb and climb and climb some more, until more or less of us reached "Christian Science" tree on the peak of the "Green Hill Far Away." On the other side of the road more explorers deemed sliding down hill on the snow more fun than a little. In fact, so enthusiastic were the sliders that Morris, in trying to move the tin sign on the fence to join them, grieved us all by tearing his finger on the sign and then deciding not to participate in the new sport. He was promptly attended to, much to the disgust of "K," who vowed he cut himself for feminine sympathy. About the most popular thing there was Hovey's "little yellow Ford." It was the center of attraction and probably all repairs and gasoline will be charged to the class, for certainly the flivver was busy.

"The coffee and potatoes are done," announced Mr. Grego.

"M—m—m! Ray! Fine! Gee, I'm hungry!" greeted this announcement.

Everyone rushed (I say everyone, but a few wanderers took a little joy ride and arrived a little too late for the beginning of what is to follow) across the creek, scattering apples and cups in all directions, but they were rescued, after which we prepared to "set the table" and then each individual set himself eagerly to the task of satisfying the empty space within. The supper was strictly according to Hoover or as nearly as possible: Tunafish, deviled ham and egg sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, pickles, baked potatoes, apples, and coffee (with Karo for sugar). That was all for then. We washed our cups and hung them on trees, picked up the paper plates and donated them to the rubbish pile and then repaired to the cement entertainment amphitheater. Here we had some cann'd music, rather rebellious, fluctuating "few and far between" music, but every once in a while we caught a few strains (when Harold wasn't trying to fix the machine).

The first course having settled, we again returned to the scene of our meal and ate as much ice cream as "they'd" let us have. It was mighty good, too! Tasted like more! Tantalizing feeling! Again we bathed our cups in the creek, stored them away in the box, and carried the rest of the remains to the cars. We spent most of our time then putting out the fire and watching Fay and Rita fall into the water. We're still wondering whether the former was so very happy she just had to dance up and down or what her motive really was. Any rate, she succeeded very well, if it was her purpose to get her feet wet.

We were sorry Mr. Grego had to leave at about six o'clock, because (1) we were sorry to have him go; (2) it hastened our return home. Miss Holt tried to round us all up at once, but it was rather hard. Some of those "mischievous boys" persisted in taking little rides on the side lines. But if we remember correctly, Miss Holt herself helped one of these trips by cranking the "little yellow Ford." Are we right? I thot so. When we were all together, we loaded up for the home run, declaring we had had the very best of times. We wished that we might have stayed longer and that the six missing members of the class had been there.



Such a Crank



Senior Orator



I hear you calling



Snaps



Class Play—"As You Like It"

HE play presented by the Senior Class this year was a more pretentious one than in former years, but entirely unique and well worth the time that was spent upon it. It was adopted from Ben Greet's acting version of Shakespeare's most famous comedy, "As You Like It," and was given in truly Shakespearean style—out of doors. The stage, which had been built along the west wall of the gymnasium, presented a wooded out-door scene particularly fitting to the setting of the play. The imported costumes, very much in keeping with the story and times, added a touch of reality, and the music, lights and dancing completed the historical and artistic effect.

Memorial day faded into a beautiful evening, and a large audience assembled for the occasion. Every member of the cast could be heard distinctly in spite of the fact that the wind was blowing toward the stage, which seemed a long distance from the audience. The entire cast from Elizabeth Symmes, charming in the role of Rosalind, and Harold Allen as the lover Orlando, to the roles of minor importance, displayed an ability which showed the marks of long practice, and a finish seldom seen in high school performances. Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Lisherness, who directed the play. The result was one of the best plays ever given by a class of the Fergus County High School.

So far as known, this was the second al fresco performance of "As You Like It" ever given in Montana. The first was in Butte in 1899 at Columbia Gardens, where it was presented by professionals with Nance O'Neill.

THE CAST

Duke, living in banishment	K. McKoin
Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominion	Morris McCollum
Amiens and Jaques, lords attending on the banished duke	
.....	Roy Gagle, Leonidas Gove
La Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick	Joe King
Charles, wrestler to Frederick	Bert Walker
Oliver, Jaques, Orlando, sons of Sir Rowland de Boys	
.....	Morris McCollum, Walter Flook, Harold Allen
Adam and Dennis, servants to Oliver	Dudley Gibson, Walter Flook
Touchstone, a clown	Peggy Rockwell
Corin and Silvius, shepherds	Casper Larson, Ivan Calkins
William, a country fellow in love with Audrey	Jessie Murray
Rosalind, daughter to the banished duke	Elizabeth Symmes
Celia, daughter to Frederick	Helen Shannon
Phoebe, a shepherdess	Alice Gorman
Audrey, a country wench	Zelda Smythe
First Lord	Joe King
Waiting women	Ruth Moore, Margaret Blackford
Trumpeter	Theodore Huffine
Factotus	Rea Gage, Goldie Walden
Foresters	Burton Tanner, Vernon McVey
Soldiers	Gladys Kynett, Rose Chesley



Zuldie

Bert

K.

E.
OOK



Posing



Waiting



jokes



THE FERGUS

Vol. VII

MARCH, 1925.

No. 6

NEWS of *The ALUMNI, CLASS 1918*

FUSSERS, ATTENTION!

I endeavor to help all persons matri-monially inclined. Chaperon furnished on request. Goldie Waldon, Agent. Elizabeth Symmes, Chaperon.—*From the New York Times.*

AT THE JUDITH TONIGHT.

"The Antics of Aline," starring Alice Gorman, supported by a strong cast, including Ivan Calkins, Minnie Eckley, Jessie Murray and Rea Gage.

Miss Marion Bates, principal of the Denton High school, was in the city last week.

The business college conducted by Misses Esther Apple, Rose Chesley, Helen Simonfy, Hattie Lake and Emily Knoepke at Straw is very successful and now has an enrollment of 35 pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Walker entertained at dinner Thursday evening in honor of Miss Fay Dobson, who has just returned from China, where she has been doing missionary work.

Capt. "K." McKoin and First Lieut. Casper Larson are at home on a short

furlough. They bring us news from Mrs. Cecilia Mattill, who is now a nurse at the front.

Messrs. Joe King and Leslie Waite are now managers of the Hudson Motor company.

Congresswoman Smith was entertained in Butte Saturday evening at the "Thornton," by the members of the "Hoover Club," among whom were Attorney Gove and Dr. Gagle. Dr. Gagle is now specializing in cartooning the shoulder joints.

Miss Gordon, of our faculty, together with Miss Callahan, of the Moore School for Girls, and Miss Kynett, of the Harlowton Seminary, expect to spend the summer "roughing" it on a homestead.

Mr. M. H. McCollum, now regarded as the wealthiest of western mine owners, has just returned from New York, where he has been on business.

One attraction for this summer's Chautauqua, Aug. 10-17, will be the "Broadway Entertainers," with Misses Thelma Anderson, soloist; Zelda Smythe, violin-

THE FERGUS

ist; Pauline Crego, accompanist, and Lucille Matthews, reader. This number promises to be a most enjoyable one.

Miss Margaret Blackford, of Chicago, has taken over the "Lucille" establishments thruout the world.

Miss Hazel Sorenson is now making a tour of the United States giving street lectures on "How to Make Yourself Heard." She is assisted in this work by Miss Nellie Ensley.

Rev. Dudley Gibson, minister in the Mormon Temple of Salt Lake, just escaped an electrical shock while breakfasting in his home one day last week. In eating a bun, he ran across a currant, but the bun was removed before any serious injury resulted.

In a recent court report we read that May Jobe has sued the Gregg School for recovery of her typewriter, which she alleges was willed to it because of undue pressure exerted by one of their agents, Attorney Gove for the plaintiff.

Mr. Hovet is now business manager of The Photoplay Publishing Co.

W. Flook, Ph. D., professor of Physics in Princeton, is working out a new theory regarding electricity, which is pronounced the greatest the world has ever known.

Miss Helen Shannon, ad. solicitor for the "Grass Range Daily," paid us a business call.

Allen, the whistler, has just transferred his contract with the "Victor" to the "Edison Co."

Ruth Royce, New York's dancing favorite, has insured each foot for \$5,000.

The "Imperial Beauty Parlors" at Judith Gap are now under the supervision of Mademoiselle Helene Campe.

The Lady Ruby, of Greten Court, has given her estate in England as a home for French orphans.

Miss Lydia Van Hyning is now in Washington trying to convince the President that the war will never end.

A circular advertising a home for the sorely disappointed in love, has just reached our office. We notice that Miss Ruth Moore is the dean of the institution.

We recommend to our readers the editorial page of the March "Homely Ladies' Journal," edited by Miss Lucretia Apple.



Farmers



Whoop



Silats



Study.ing



Scraps



Doing Her Bit

"Dorin" Girls



At the Dorm

We're a jolly bunch of girls
At the dorm,
And we wear our hair in curls
At the dorm,
Up on rags it is at night,
Then we comb with all our might,
And we sometimes look a sight
At the dorm.

When we hear the rising bell
At the dorm,
How we yawn we'll never tell
At the dorm,
But at evening, it is said,
We can't be coaxed to go to bed,
Yet no lessons have we read
At the dorm.

Yes, we have a few who work
At the dorm,
Who have never learned to shirk
At the dorm,
While they drudge the hours away,
Most of us just laugh and play,
And some of us will flunk, they say,
At the dorm.



Rebie



Mike



Full back



John



Gerry and



Vernon



"Supie"



The Trio



Track



Track and

More Track



Oliveta, translating: Nor did I violate the cinders of my father.

On Hazel Smith's exam. paper: "Burn's father was a fine man, so was his mother."

I see the river is ill.

What's the trouble?

It had several falls, was confined to its bed, and has been running down ever since.

Mr. Freeman: What does distilled wine become?

Skinny: Grape-juice.

Teacher: What is society?

Cookie: Well, it's about a dozen different things but I don't know what they are.

Little Willie in the street
Found a little toy,
'Twas a lump of dynamite,
Willie jumped with joy.
After he had played awhile,
He began to tire,
And just to see if it would light,
He threw it in the fire—
And his funeral's tomorrow.

English Teacher: What minds does Webster mean?

Joe K.: Human minds.

Mr. Grego: I can remember when I was a young man in the eighties.

Mr. C.: What other electrical inventions were shown?

E. Symmes: Typewriter and fountain pen.

Harold Allen (In English, after a discussion of patents): "I knew a man once, a painter who invented a little thing to hold a bucket on. One day while he was painting, the ladder slipped and holding on to that little thing saved his life; he didn't have that patented either."

Teacher: Give the feminine of stag.

Pupil (sleepy): Tea-party.

There are meters of time,
There are meters of tone,
But the best meter of all
Is to meet 'er alone.

Heard in Virgil: Miss L.: What English word do we get from "aliena"?

E. Symmes: Alien.

Miss L.: What is an alien?

E. S.: A person that hasn't been neutralized.

Walter (in English recounting Burn's life): He was born on a farm, his parents were very pure.



Mr. Freeman: Did you find out what you wanted in that book?

Ralph C.: Yes, I found out you were right about the induction coil.

Someone said the reason the Senior poems didn't burn was because they were so green—Ouch!

Mr. Freeman: When you're going along a country road in a car at night and some one comes along with his head lights on full, what do you want him to do?

Vernon (Emphatically): Put on their dimmers.

Raymond Jury to Hazel Smith: "You remind me of a War Savings Certificate."

Hazel: "Why?"

Raymond: "Because you draw so much interest."

Dwight: "Say, Gagle, you remind me of Tuesday."

Gagle: "Why?"

Dwight: "Oh, 'cause you're so meatless."

Mr. C. (in American History): "What were the states doing at this time by way of improvements, Lydia?"

Lydia: "Massachusetts built a canal but it turned out to be a railway."

After explaining a proposition involving parallelograms and squares:

Fay: "A square may be a parallelogram then?"

Teacher: "Yes."

Fay (after a moment's thought): "Miss Marks, is a parallelogram a square?"

In Virgil, the sentence was: "The spell of Homer is too strong at times."

Margaret Blackford (reading): "The smell of Homer is too strong at times."

Mr. F. to Gladys: "Don't stick your pencil in that radiator. If it is cold, put it in my overcoat."

It's a time when "K" feels
That his "luck is sure bum,"
When the teacher insists
That he part with his gum.

Teacher (interpreting Shakespeare): "Where gottest thou that good look, Fay?"

Mr. Freeman: "Are artificial diamonds ever made?"

John: "Yes but they aren't natural."

Soph.: "Say, kid, got a minute to spare?"

Freshie: "Sure."

Soph.: "Tell me all you know."

Mr. Crego (in Modern History): "What was the character of Richard I?"

Ralph Campbell (after hesitation): "Oh, that's too far back for me to remember."

Tanner: "Give an assertion, Gene."

Gene: "Spring is here."

Tanner: "How do you know?"

Gene: "Winter has gone."

Is Joe King serious, or is he joking?

In Modern History: May J.: "What were the three Reform Bills?"
Jessie M.: "The first, second, and third."

Student: "Carlyle lived on a seven-acre nursery farm."

Teacher: "What is a nursery farm?"

Student: "That's a place where they raise little things to sell."

Fay (to Miss Burroughs): "Weren't there any dictionaries before Noah?"
(Webster.)

Teacher: "George, I'm tempted to give you zero for inattention."

George: "Yield not to temptation."

Shorthand Student (in Seiden's drug store): "Do you keep stenographic supplies here?"

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am."

Student: "Give me an eraser, a package of gum and a powder-puff."

Jessie Murry (teaching English): "William, give me a sentence with both feet (fete andfeat) in it."

Mary Irene (after laboring over the construction of a sentence in "Caesar"): "The Romans didn't talk very good English, did they?"

Harold Allen (acting in "Macbeth" as Banquo): "What, can the devil speak true?"

Teacher: "Whom does he mean by the 'devil'?"

Harold: "I guess he means Casper."

A certain young lady named Bates
Cares little for beaux or for dates,
If the young men should try
To find love in her eye,
She'd turn up her nose at their pates.

Mr. Tanner (in Junior English): "State it specifically."

Gene Hines: "I can't express myself."

Mr. T.: "Send yourself by freight then."

Teacher (in English class): "Harold, will you give us more light?"

Teacher: "A fool can ask many questions that a wise man cannot answer."
Pupil (aside): "Guess that's why so many of us flunked in the exam."

Among the questions in an English examination was this: "Why do you study English?"

Answer on one paper: "I study English cause it learn you to spel corect."

Mr. Windsor: "What is a yam, Doris?"

Doris: "It's a cookie, no a goat."

Peggy Rockwell: "How do you pronounce "Filleul?" (a French word.)
Teacher: "Call it boy; I have forgotten how to pronounce it."

Teacher: "What is an epithet?"

Pupil: "It's an inscription on a tomb-stone."

O would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as our teachers see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And mental junk,
By worthy toil we might relieve us
Of every flunk.

Mr. Olson (in Animal Husbandry): "Can you tell me why chicken coops are always white-washed?"

Otto: "Well, some people I know of do it to prevent the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Leonidas (in Modern History): "The emperor, standing barefooted in the rocks and snow before the pope cried, 'Oh, Foly Father, save me!' and there were tears on both sides."

Mr. Grego (Modern History): "If a man died, what would the 'Gilds' do?"
Ralph Campbell: "Bury him and marry his daughter."

Mr. Pope to Tom Vehawn: "Now if you have that in your head you have it in a nutshell."

Harold Allen (teaching Senior English in Miss Holt's absence): "Now if you don't study, I'll take this twenty minutes away from you."

Edna Lincoln: "Put double boiler on the stove and cook until transparent."

Anna Belle: "Separate the white from the red of the egg."

In Biology: Teacher: Remember, class, that there seems to be no way yet found by which one can get rid of fan-weed.

Samuel Bissett: My father's farm was full of fan-weed, and he got rid of it.

Teacher: Indeed! Well, tell the class about it.

Samuel: He sold the farm.

In Latin: What does optimist mean?

Allen Briscoe: A man that fits glasses.

In Geometry: The quantity scared. Adding the two occasions.

Cecelia (writing food conservation speech): "I wish I could think of that point; I don't what what it is, but it's a good one."

(After Pauline had given a long discussion about the topic sentence):

Miss H.: Now, Harold, what do you think?

H. Allen: I think the same as she does.

Miss H.: What is that?

H. Allen: Well, what she said.

Miss H.: I don't know what she said.

H.: I don't either.

Mr. Freeman: At the exposition at St. Louie—I should say Lewis—why Willard?

Skinny: Louie's German.

Class Will

In the Name of the Firebug, Amen:



E, the Class of 1918 of Fergus County and City of Lewistown, Montana, of the age of four years, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud, or undue influence of any person whatever, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in a manner following, that is to say:

First: We direct that our memory be decently upheld with proper regard to our station and condition in life and the circumstances of the school.

Second: We direct that our executors, hereinafter named, as soon as they have sufficient funds in their hands, pay our class expenses and the allowance made to the faculty for ridding Fergus County High School of our presence.

Third: Walter Flook bequeaths to Geraldine Voden his honorary position as President of the Senior Class. Leonidas Gove bequeaths his faculty of fussing to Eugene Hines. Joe King bequeaths himself to the world. The ability which K. McKoin thinks he has in athletics he bequeaths to next year's athletes. Roy Gagle bequeaths his bass voice to Clementine Foley. Hazel Sorenson bequeaths her soft voice to Helen Warr. Morris McCollum bequeaths his mining stock to Theodore Huffine on condition that he discovers the firebug. Muggs Blackford bequeaths her kid curlers to Miss Slater, who is still in our midst. Peggy Rockwell bequeaths her pep to Eleanor Van Hyning. Bill Waite bequeaths his unruly hair to Vernon McVey. Ivan bequeaths his gunpowder career to Skinny Wheaton, that he may profit by it. Casper bequeaths his bashfulness to Supie. Dudley bequeaths his growth to Smick. In case Mr. Pope loses his hair, we bequeath him Dutchie's fair locks. Zelda leaves her complexion to Margaret Hedrick. Ruth Royce leaves her dancing talent to the faculty. Fay leaves her flirting to Rebie Hogeland. Lydia, our shark debater, gives her talent to Fritz Bristol. Hazel Smith leaves her gift of gab to Steve Gretencort. Jessie Murray bequeaths her dramatic ability to Red Heatherly. Bert bequeaths his gum to Emery Gibson. Rita bequeaths her affectionate manner to Catherine von Tobel. Rose Chesley bequeaths her shorthand speed to Judith Walker. Gladys Kynett leaves her midnight rope ladder at the dorm to any dorm girl who may need it next year. Goldie Walden bequeaths her dreamy eyes to Dorothy Brown. Hovey bequeaths his A. B. C.'s to Vira Drinkard. Nellie Ensley bequeaths her lock-arm companion to Esther Garry. Ruby bequeaths her loyalty in ticket selling to Furness Van Idernstine. Lucille Matthews wills her geometry to Mary Irene Scott. May Jobe bequeaths her typewriter to the Gregg School, and Lucretia Apple bequeaths her frivolity to Helen Ramsey. Marion Bates bequeaths her wit to Jack Clem. Elizabeth Symmes bequeaths Gene Hines to next year's new girls. Hilda Callahan bequeaths her fog-horn tones to August Diamond. Pauline bequeaths her brains to Theodore Bowen. Cecilia Edwards bequeaths her Camp Lewis correspondence to Marjorie Gerhard. Rea Gage bequeaths her masculine make-up to Johnny Pierce, as he needs it. Helen Simony bequeaths her modest manner to Doris Shaw. Helen Camp bequeaths her boxes of face powder and other cosmetics to Frank Washburn. Minnie Eckley bequeaths her Colonial and Arro bills to Myrtle Ritch. Thelma Anderson bequeaths her classy clothes to Virna Elkins. Esther Apple bequeaths herself to the Commercial Department. Emily Knoepke bequeaths her careless method of studying to Bill Dolan. Zelma Gordon leaves her perspicacity to Bernice Flook. Harold Allen bequeaths his "class" to Humps and Jimmie Campbell. Amelia McLachlan leaves her demure way to Mr. Canup. Alice Gorman bequeaths her picture to Cecil Clark.

Fourth: We will the new building when built to the coming students of the High School. We bequeath the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist Churches, Carpenters' Hall, City Library, old K. P. Hall and Court House to the faculty and

classes for any future emergency. We will to the succeeding classes the suggested gum pavement to be laid from the High School block to Main Street. We bequeath our unblemished name to the class of '19, who we hope will uphold it as we have. We bequeath the remnants of the stage which we will never more use to the furnace room. We will the tennis courts made by our class to the school. We, the introducers of caps and gowns in this school, bequeath them to the coming Senior class. We will to the coming Junior Class new stars for the service flag.

Lastly: We hereby nominate and appoint Miss Elizabeth Lisherness, Miss Holt and Mr. H. P. Grego of said City and County of Fergus, State of Montana, as the executors of this our last Will and Testament, and hereby revoke all former wills by us made.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto set our hand and seal, this 9th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred eighteen.

MORRIS H. McCOLLUM,
ELIZABETH M. SYMMES.

Signed before me on this day, which is not April Fool's day, nor any other National Holiday which should make this document void, by the Senior Class, who have in proof of their good sense counted up to ten and back to five, the time being one hour flat and the mistakes numbering—well, I shall not cast reflections on the educational powers of the Fergus County High School Seniors.

LEONIDAS GOVE,
LESLIE WAITE, Notary Public.

Justice of the Peace.

TO A NEW GREEN HUDSON CAR

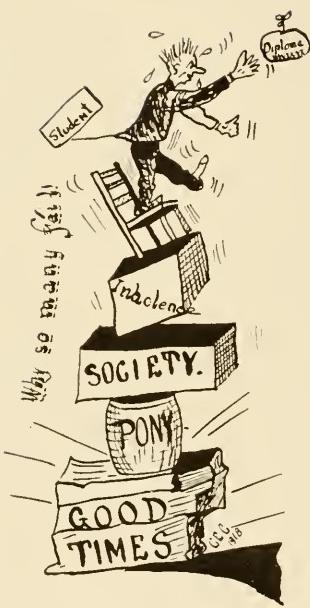
By Two Dorm Friends.

Tune: Long Boy.

It was just a new green Hudson car,
And it traveled fast and strayed afar.
There was a girl with curly hair,
He thought her wondrous sweet and fair.
We passed him speeding along one day,
And this is what we heard him say:

Chorus:

Goodbye ma, goodbye pa, goodbye everybody,
great and small;
You can't guess where I'm headed for,
But I'll be stopping at her front door.
And oh, my sweetheart, don't you fear,
The road ahead is straight and clear.
I'll go riding now and then with you,
And that's about all I have time to do.



To Advertisers and Readers
of "The Fergus"

WE wish to take this opportunity to thank all the advertisers in the Annual. It is only thru the support you have given that such a publication as this is made possible. We sincerely hope you will be well repaid for the aid you have given. All well wishers and friends of the school are asked to carefully note the advertisers in the pages following, and to patronize them at every opportunity.

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THE (B)RAINSTORM

The birds sang loudly in the trees,
The sky bore cloudlets on the breeze.
"All these are symptoms of a rain,"
Cried out the birdies all in vain.
For when it strikes the window pane,
The dirt is all washed off again.

DUDLEY GIBSON, '18.

Mr. Warner in Geometry class: "Martha Guslander proved that theorem this morning and it was interesting to watch how in the "dickens" she was going to get to the conclusion."

LeRoy: "This here family was the last of the line."

Teacher: "This here or that there."

LeRoy: "That there."

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FOURTH QUARTER — 1917

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State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts	June 21 to September 13
State Normal College	June 4 to August 23

Biological Experiment Station — Flathead Lake

(Attached to State University)

For bulletin and information, write to the President of the Institution in which you are interested. If you want advice as to which institution you should attend, write to the Chancellor of the University, State Capitol, Helena, Montana.

A good portrait of yourself at graduation time will be appreciated by your friends as an evidence of your thoughtfulness.

THE COULTER STUDIO

Official Photographers, Class 1918.

Naomi: "What is a snipe?"

Ruby: "A cigar stump."

Naomi: "Oh! I thought it was some kind of a bug."

Hattie (reciting in English): "Pope could not attend school because he was sickly, not healthy."

During shorthand class Fay spied the word "burros" on the board.

Fay: "Is that the way you spell your name?"

Miss Burroughs: "You just try spelling it that way. But the worst of it is that they made my first name Maude."

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Question: "Give the degree of comparison of the adverb cruelly."

Katherine: "Cruelly, cruellier, cruelliest."

James Campbell: "Was John Eliot a woman?"

Earling: "Dunno, was George Eliot his wife?"

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Mr. Tanner: Many men are hung on circumstantial evidence, aren't they?

Class: Yes.

Mr. T.: Are very many hung on anything else?

Nella: Gallows.

Mr. Grego lecturing to the American History class: "Now just last year in 1897—."



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Mr. Warner, after having given ten long questions for review in Chemistry heard this remark:

Student: "There was too much in those questions; how could you expect us to get over it all?"

Mr. Warner: "The time it took you to go over them shows how much you already know."

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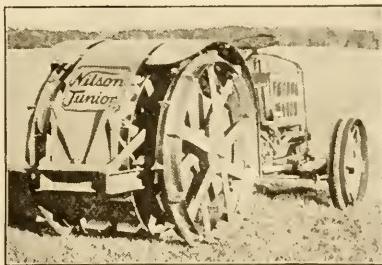
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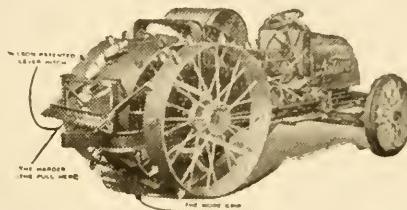
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Anderson (translating "and the enemy fled" from Latin into English): "And the enemy flee."

Miss Lundstrom: "You have used the wrong tense."

Anderson: "Oh! The enemy fled."

Miss L.: "Why, Anderson, you know better than that."

A.: "Oh yes! The enemy flew."

Great Falls
Genealogy & History

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COME TO THE ARRO
for fresh home-made Candies and Ice Cream
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Sandwiches at all times

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Telephone 174

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The First National Bank of Lewistown

Extends its congratulations to the Senior
Class of Fergus County
High School.

Thrift is the watchword!
Keep this ever before you.

Encourage Loyalty to Your Flag

An excerpt from Martin Norman's theme: "My large west windows admit the early morning sun."

Martin defends the above statement thus: "I never can tell directions out home."

Teacher: "What is meant by righteous indignation?"

Fay: "I don't know, but I thought it was a slang word for 'had a good right to get mad'."



Ready to serve you when
you are in need of anything in the
GROCERY LINE

Sporting Goods

We solicit your patronage for Fishing Tackle, Baseball Goods, Waterproof Dux-back Hunting and Fishing Suits and Camping Outfits. Yours for service,

MONTANA HARDWARE CO.

"Your Home Store"

Telephone Number 52; Montana Building.

HARRY'S BARBER SHOP

Clean and sanitary. None but competent workmen employed. A clean towel with every shave.

HARRY VESTREM, Prop.
208 W. Main St.

Mr. Cummings and his able assistants help you with educational problems—when school days are over and the problem of homemaking enters, Marsh will be glad to place fourteen years' experience at your disposal.

At the Big Electric Sign **MARSH THE HOMEMAKER** Sixth and Main
Lewistown Furniture Co.

J. Z. CLEM & CO., Real Estate and Fire Insurance
502 West Main Street, Lewistown, Montana

If you want to buy a home or make an investment in land, see us. If you want to sell land or city property, see us.

The Gilkerson Ice Company

W. W. TISDALE, Manager

Office, 597 West Main Street; Telephone, 703-W.

Teacher: "State the subject and the predicate of this sentence: 'The man sat on the veranda'."

Viola N.: "Subject, man; predicate, sat."

Teacher: "What is 'on the veranda'?"

Viola: "The man."

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"Thank you, no; I'm in a hurry."

FIRE INSURANCE

WE WRITE IT

Remember your property is worth considerably more than it was a year ago. Are you fully insured? Consult our Insurance Department. Best companies—prompt settlement.

Farmers' Land Company of Lewistown, Inc.

213 West Main Street; Phone 617.

Why Boys and Girls Leave Home

Because it isn't a home.

Because—well, because it isn't like those modern, attractive, artistic, convenient, modern-priced homes shown in our magnificent new Plan Book.

Over a hundred of the most beautiful designs of the year. You should see them even if you are not going to build now—just to know how little it costs to build the ideal home.

Full information is yours on request, without obligation. We are glad to show and explain these beautiful designs.

BASIN LUMBER CO.

"The Home Folks"

A Good Name

The value of a good name is stressed stronger than ever in these times! The women and girls of this town know that

The BOOTERY

stamped inside of their shoes means smarter shoes and a guaranteed fit.

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GEO. F. BEGG

Public Stenographer

DEPOSITIONS
MIMEOGRAPHING
MULTIGRAPHING
CONTESTS
INQUESTS
SPEECH REPORTING

202 Bank-Electric Building
Phones: Office, 526; Res., 552-J.
Lewistown, Montana

COMMENCEMENT

PROGRAMME

- | | | |
|-------|---|-------------------------------------|
| I. | Officer of the Day March
High School Orchestra | Hall |
| II. | Invocation
Rev. G. C. Cress | |
| III. | Bowl of Roses
Girls' Glee Club | Clarke |
| IV. | Class History
Thelma Anderson | Peggy Rockwell |
| V. | Class Will
Walter Flook | Elizabeth Symmes
Morris McCullom |
| VI. | The Nightingale and the Rose
Lucille Matthews | Oscar Wilde |
| | Mrs. Norton, Accompanist | |
| VII. | Address, "Citizenship in the Making"
Judge H. Leonard DeKalb | |
| VIII. | Hungarian Etude, Op. 39
Pauline Crego | MacDowell |
| IX. | Presentation of Diplomas
Mr. F. R. Cunningham | |
| X. | Benediction
Rev. G. C. Cress | |
| XI. | March
Orchestra | Selected |

Class Motto: Impossible is Un-American.

Class Colors: Red, White and Blue.

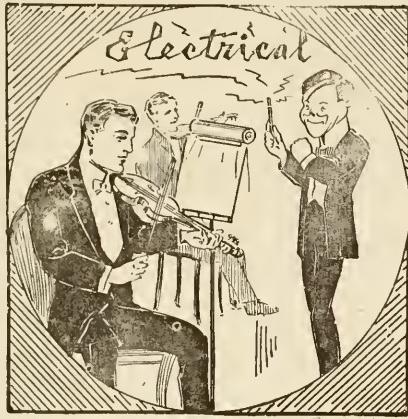
Class Flower: Sweet Pea.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

The following six stand first in the average of their
four years of High School work:

Emily Knoepke, 91.71;	Peggy Rockwell, 92.03;
Pauline Crego, 91;	Gladys M. Kynett, 91.57;
Cecilia M. Edwards, 92.97;	Rose M. Chesley, 89.54.

The University of Montana offers to the graduates ranking first a four-year scholarship in the State University. The custom of the school, however, restricts this to the one ranking highest, who has taken all four years of High School work at the Fergus County High School. Accordingly, this scholarship is awarded to Rose M. Chesley, who has an average grade for the full four years of 89.54.



WE ARE LEADERS IN
our line. We are skilled in electrical work, and have had years of experience. We employ efficient American workmen only; there is no guess-work in their labor. When in need of anything electrical, wiring, repairing, etc., call on us. The work will be done properly, and you will experience satisfactory results in every particular.

Allen Electric Co.

Commencement Gifts

We have on display the most complete, attractive and reasonably priced collection of commencement gifts of the city. These include:

Wrist Watches
Rings
Lingerie Clasps
Parisian Ivory
Leather Goods
Scarf Pins
Tie Clasps
Book Marks
Photo Frames
Watches for Young Men

Come in and look over our complete stock.

Sutter Brothers
The Reliable Jewelers
417 Main St.

Lands—Loans—Insurance

Service the Watchword

Wright Land & Investment Company

HELP THE GOVERNMENT

Buy Thrift Stamps and Baby Bonds

HILGER LOAN AND REALTY CO.

All Roads Lead to the Ford Garage

Fergus Motor Company (FORD GARAGE)

LEWISTOWN, MONTANA



The Largest Garage in Montana

"STUNG"

One summer day, without a care or pain,
A very well dressed and well groomed man,
Who was not hampered much by brawn or brain,
Strolled from his spacious house—a baseball fan;
In white the Red Cross nurse was standing there,
She winked an eye; our hero banished care.
She was alone, so very trim and pert,
Her eye looked down, she smiled—the little flirt.
She looked and smiled and gave her curls a toss,
Her words were these: "One dollar please, Red Cross."

Eleanor: "What question do we start with?"

Teacher: "With question one."

"How was cooking done in fire-places?"

"On the grand irons."



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PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, STATIONERS
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